The Outlook

JULY 4, 1923

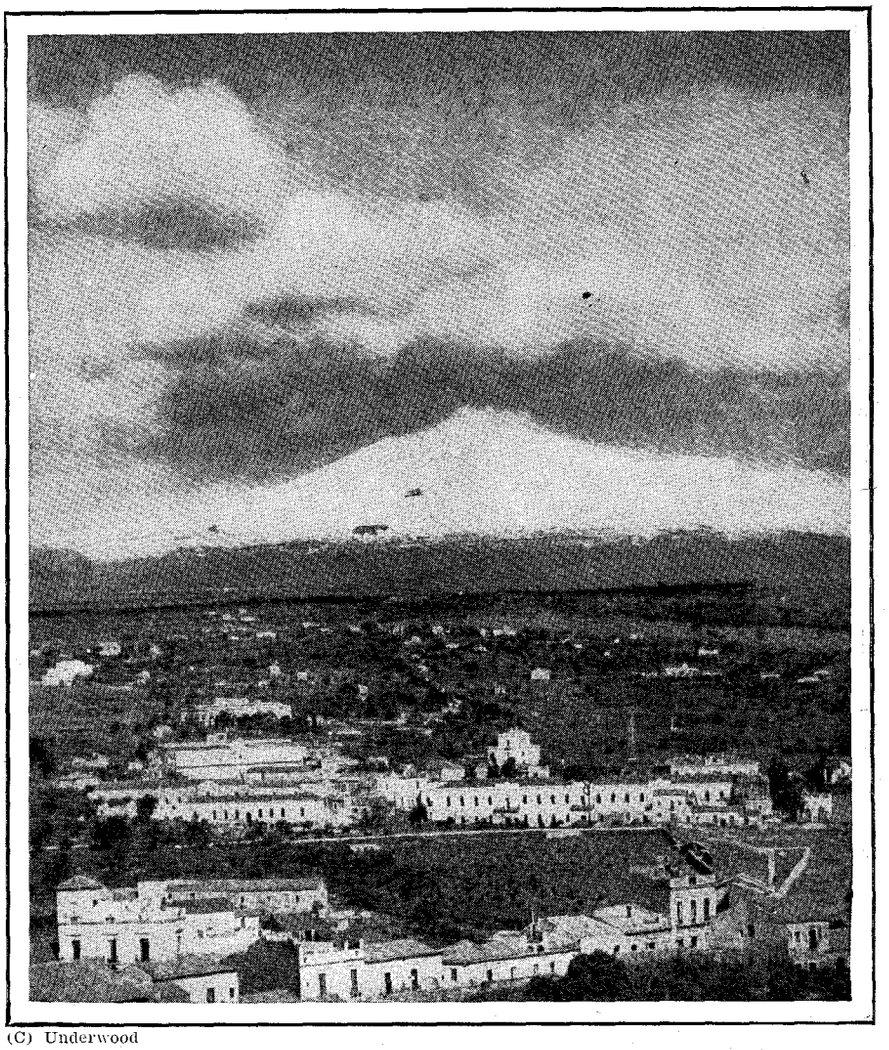
ETNA IN ACTION

THE eruptions of Etna have been more spectacular and terrible to view in our time than those of Vesuvius. The series of outbreaks which lately held the near-by villages of Sicily in fear was not destructive of life; but before it ceased its activity, for a time at least, it seriously threatened the small towns of Linguaglossa, Randazzo, and others, covered over several small villages or farms, and drove many thousands of people from their precarious homes on the side of the volcano. Even as we write, however, these refugees are hastening back, hoping that safety has come and that the loss of their hut-like houses will be balanced by the enrichment of soil by the lava. At night, said one observer, "Etna is like an enormous brazier, from which cyclopic stones are hurled into space. A colossal mass of smoke, made brilliantly red by the reflections from the interior of the crater, fills the sky. Beneath this are roaring flames." Catania and other Sicilian towns were frightened but not hurt this time. But twice in the distant past Catania has had losses of many thousands of her people.

Etna's first known eruption was just about twenty-four hundred years ago, and its legends are reflected in the classical writers. There have been at least ten serious eruptions of Etna since the beginning of the nineteenth century to date; the earthquake of 1908, which caused a loss of life of over a hundred thousand people, and destroyed Messina and Reggio, was caused by disturbances beneath the sea surface, but Etna had no eruption at the time.

The visits of the King and the Premier, Mussolini, have been a great comfort to the frightened people, who know that the two greatest men in Italy are pledged to do what they can to aid them.

The cause of such violent volcanic phenomena as those which have just occurred is believed to be vast subsidences of the sea bottom, the passage of large quantities of water into deep earth cavities, great rock displacements because of the action of the water, heat caused by the ensuing pressure and thus the forming of steam under pressure, and finally the explosion of the steam in its confinement, thus causing the rending of the mountain top or side by fissures and the expulsion of masses of melted rock, ashes, and cinders.



(C) Underwood

MOUNT ETNA AS SEEN FROM CATANIA, BEFORE THE RECENT ERUPTION

THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

AT last, after twenty years of discussion and provisional action, the Methodist, Congregationalist, and Presbyterian Churches in the Dominion have decided to proceed at once to consummate, by their organic union, the formation of the United Church of Canada.

The final action necessary to the decision was taken recently by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada at its meeting in Port Arthur, Ontario. By a vote of nearly four to one (426 to 129) on June 11 the Assembly voted in favor of the union, which means the transfer of the ministers, the churches, and the funds of the Canadian Presbyterians to the new organization. Provision, however, is made for those who wish to split off from the majority. The Methodist and Congregational Churches have asserted again and again their readiness to proceed with organic union; but the Presbyterian Church, though heartily approving union, has met with a strong minority opposition, and rather than suffer division has heretofore adopted a policy of conference with the other negotiating churches, feeling its way towards union and towards the education and conciliation of those in its membership who disapprove the proposal. Now the Assembly has decided that the interests of the other negotiating churches, the conditions of the mission work which has necessarily been affected by the uncertain situation, and the needs of the larger provinces, where co-operation among

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the churches is especially needed, call for final decision.

To those who are opposed to this union the action of the Assembly seems unwarranted and illegal, and the union of these three denominations appears to assume the proportion of a menace to religious freedom. In the minds of the opposition the distinctive characters of the several denominations assume what seems to us to be undue importance. The causes for the rise of these denominations have very largely disappeared. The fine points of theological speculation have been lost in common agreement on religious motives and Christian spirit. To-day the world calls for a kind of service from the churches that cannot be rendered except by some method of co-operation. If these denominational differences were not already in existence, they would never be created by the circumstances of modern life. Organic union ought not to be the aim of the Church, but wherever it becomes a necessary means it ought not to be obstructed by tradition.

The United Church of Canada will not come into existence without further action; but the necessary legal formalities have been carefully considered and Parliamentary bills requisite for the proper disposal of property rights and the like have been prepared. There is hope, which seems to be not wholly without foundation, that, even though there may be a split in the Presbyterian Church, the union will come into existence with little or no litigation.

Names familiar to the various denominations will be preserved in the new organization. The local group of churches will be called the Presbytery, according to Presbyterian tradition; the larger group, the Conference, according to Methodist tradition; and the highest court in the Church will be known as the Council, according to Congregational tradition. The method of placing ministers will combine the Congregational, Presbyterian, and Methodist practices. The union will eliminate unnecessary competition, particularly in rural communities, and make possible full co-operation in practical religion.

FLOCKING TO SCHOOL

DISSATISFIED as Americans must be with the Nation's comparatively high percentage of illiteracy, there are hopeful signs. America is becoming both better educated and more generally educated. Figures recently made public by the United States Bureau of Education show steady improvement in attendance, not only at public schools, but also at those technical schools which give the student a measure of preparation for the particular work he is to do.

During the past twenty years the attendance at public schools has increased by nearly six million. The number of pupils in public schools in 1902 was 16,123,050; in 1922 it was 22,100,070. A considerable portion of this increase is accounted for by the increase in population, but the greater part of it is undoubtedly due to a more general determination of parents to have their children avail themselves of the opportunities to secure a fundamental education. During the twenty-year period the value of property used for public school purposes has quadrupled. The value in 1902 was $601,571,307; in 1922 it was $2,409,719,120.

Increase in enrollment has been even more striking in agricultural, mechanical, and technical colleges. In 1902 there were only 6,278 students in agricultural colleges; in 1922 there were 15,434. The enrollment in engineering colleges increased from 10,145 in 1902 to 27,451 in 1922. Architectural institutions enrolled only 178 students in 1902. The enrollment has increased until last year the number was 513. The most striking increase of all is in the number of young women studying household economy in colleges. The number in 1902 was 1,216; last year it was 6,812.

COLLEGE HONORS

EASTERN Commencements supplied an interesting list of honorary degrees given to men and women who have achieved much in various forms of social activity. It is pleasant to find that the University of Pennsylvania has made John Drew a Master of Fine Arts. Mr. Drew has just completed, as some one recently put it, his first fifty years on the stage. Yale bestowed a degree of Doctor of Letters upon Edith Wharton, and that of Doctor of Laws upon Mary Woolley. The bestowal of these two degrees is an honor both to the giver and the receivers. Yale, once the home of a conservative theology, seems at the present time to have no fear of honoring those who are opposing the Fundamentalists. It gave a Doctor of Divinity degree to the Rev. Harry E. Fosdick. Williams gave to Bernard M. Baruch an LL.D. Mr. Baruch made possible the establishment of the Institute of Politics at Williams. The Institute has made notable contributions to international understanding. James Edgar Gregg, Principal of Hampton Institute, and successor to Dr. Frissell in that most important office, was made a Doctor of Divinity by Williams. We feel a personal interest in another degree awarded by Williams, that of Doctor of Humanities, given to Elbert F. Baldwin, long a member of The Outlook's editorial staff. Mr. Baldwin is a graduate of the College which honored him.

To Calvin Coolidge was awarded the degree of LL.D. at Wheaton College for his Pilgrim spirit and Puritan devotion to duty.

The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Andrew W. Mellon, having been made a Doctor of Laws by New York University, received an LL.D. as well from Princeton, as did also Sir Arthur William Currie, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill University. Another Canadian to be honored was Dr. William Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, who received a Doctor of Laws degree from Harvard. One of the best-deserved degrees on the Harvard list was that of Doctor of Letters, given to James Hardy Dillard, President of the Jeannes Foundation, President of the John F. Slater Fund, and a member of the General Board of Education. Dr. Dillard's achievements are familiar to all those in touch with Southern education. Harvard also gave an honorary degree to Mr. J. P. Morgan.

It is interesting to note that this year was the seventieth anniversary of the graduation from Harvard of President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot. Not many men live to celebrate the seventieth anniversary of their graduation from college, and fewer still, on that occasion, find themselves as active in public service as President Eliot.

A HOMELESS "HOME, SWEET HOME"

AN ownerless house is a new sort of estray with which the Supreme Court of the United States will probably have to deal. "Home, Sweet Home" house, built on Sherman Monument Plaza in Washington and dedicated as a part of the John Howard Payne celebration as a National demonstration house, is the property involved. It is on United States Government property. Forty-four associations and manufacturers of building materials had part in building it. Neither the Government nor the association of builders claims or desires ownership. They wish the title to be vested in the 1,800,000 women affiliated with the General

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LEAD, BOY; WHICH WAY?

(Romeo and Juliet, Act V, Scene 3)

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

"WHOA-A-A, PONY!"

From Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

NOT AN ISSUE—BUT—

From Martin Ornstein, Columbus, Ohio

Dorman H. Smith in the Seattle Star

HE PICKED THE WRONG GUIDE

From Emil W. Zingg, Bremerton, Wash.

Marcus in the New York Times

THE FIRST STEP

L. of N.: "You've got to take a bath before you eat"

From Mrs. Margaret Keene, Hartford, Conn.

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Federation of Women's Clubs. But there appears to be no legal way of making the deed.

The Home Owners' Service Institute of New York represents the forty-four donors of materials and service. These, however, were gifts, and not joint investments; besides, the Institute has no title to the land on which the building stands and of which, legally, it becomes a part. The Government, owning the land but not wishing to own the house, is unable to find any provision in its laws for fixing the title on any other person, association, or corporation. The General Federation of Women's Clubs, having the good will of the donors and the Government together with the ability to use the building for the purpose for which it was intended, is helpless.

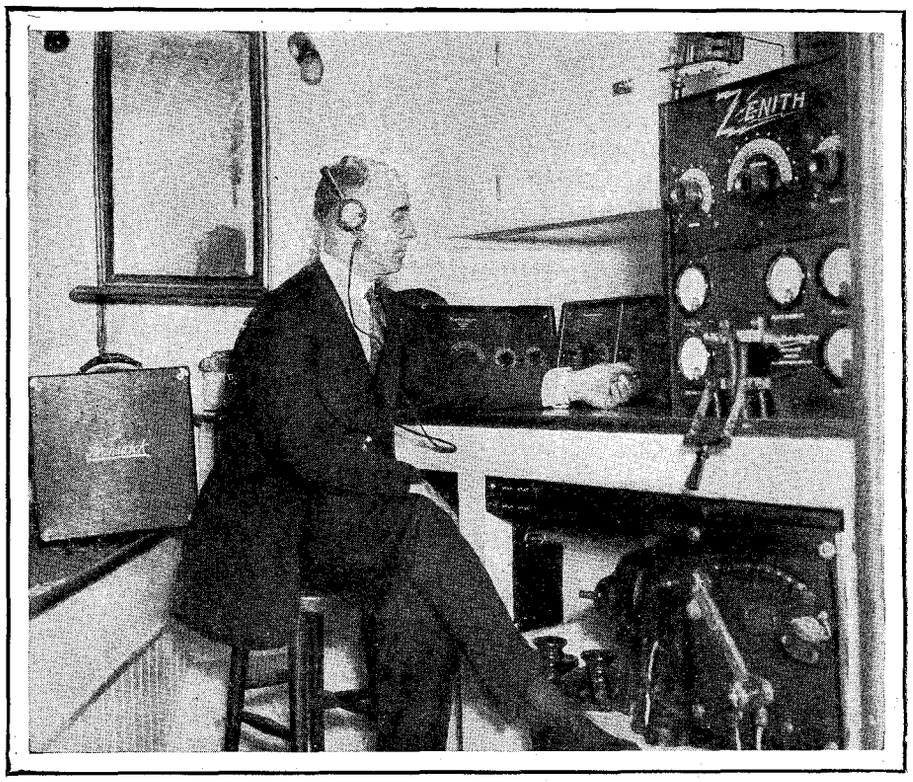
The legal officers of Government departments are exerting themselves to find the way out. Some effort at transfer will be made which will require a court decision. In the meantime, and by the exercise of a sort of "squatter sovereignty," the General Federation of Women's Clubs will doubtless remain in possession.

The house is a model of convenience and comfort on a modest scale. It very nearly embodies the ideal of what the General Federation of Women's Clubs has in mind in its crusade for "Better Homes in America." The architecture is colonial and the construction fireproof. It was designed by Donn Barber, who planned the Yale Bowl and the Hall of Fame.

OFF FOR GREENLAND

THE 89 foot, 115 ton, auxiliary schooner Bowdoin sailed from Wiscasset, in Maine, on June 23, bound for Etah, Greenland. It carried Donald B. MacMillan and a party of explorers who propose to continue and extend the explorations made in 1914 by Captain MacMillan, and especially to gather data relating to terrestrial magnetism and electricity. A particularly interesting part of the journey will be made by dog-teams over the ice cap of Ellesmere Land, the peak of which is 41,000 feet above sea-level. On its farther side it is believed that there are great coal deposits, which possibly in the future may be made available.

As is shown in our picture, this expedition will have a powerful wireless equipment, and for the first time radio broadcasting will be heard at points not far from the North Pole. What is more, Captain MacMillan will send out a weekly radio message for the American Radio Relay League, composed, it is stated, of 5,000 boy operators. His talks will go out on a wave length of about 250 meters from WNP (Wireless North Pole). Thus when the Bowdoin is packed in ice next winter at Cape Sabine we may pick up our receivers and hear the hardy explorer tell of the polar bear and walrus crop, and give us his views as to the probability of a second ice age, while he in turn may listen to the New York stock and vegetable market reports, and to the latest jazz, musical or political, as the case may be. All Arctic explorers dread the inactivity and solitude of the Far North more than privations or danger, and try to plan against them; in the radio they have a new ally in the fight against boredom in the frozen-in stage of their expedition.



DONALD MACMILLAN ON HIS SHIP

A PLAN TO ELECTRIFY THE NATION

A GIGANTIC project to cover the United States with an all-embracing network of electric power transmission lines operating under one head and forming a unified and co-operating system was announced by General Guy E. Tripp before the recent Convention of the National Electric Light Association in New York City, and is under discussion among engineers and in the technical press. Since its ultimate goal involves the inclusion of most of the Nation's users of power, whether for lighting purposes alone or for running electric street railways, whether for the motivation of shop machinery or of all the railway rolling stock of the land, its importance ranks with that of the largest problems with which we have to deal.

All over the country there are now plants for the production of electricity, and these are of course coupled up with their respective outlets for electric light and power. In certain cases these generating stations are separated two or three hundred miles from the place where the power is used. Given all these existing separate and independent sources of coal or water generated electrical energy, the present plan involves a Nation-wide network of high-tension electric transmission lines, linking them into a single system. Thus their power will be pooled, so that any unusual demand at one place can easily be absorbed; while in like manner a temporary excess of power can flow to any other part of the network where it is needed. Such a system would be elastic. It would be economical and efficient. It has the engineering approval of Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, as well as the approval from an economical point of view of Secretary Hoover.

The unified electrification of the Nation would add annually over a billion dollars to its wealth. In addition to the linking of the many isolated power plants now in operation the

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network of lines covering all parts of the country would provide a widespread outlet for vast amounts of energy now going steadily to waste in hundreds of mountain streams. Again, the unification project would make a saving of 200,000,000 tons or forty per cent of the coal mined annually in this country. But many such installations are so situated with respect to the centers where much power is consumed that it will continue to be more economical to get power by mining coal, converting its energy into steam and thence into electricity, than to make use of hydro-electrically generated power if the distances over which the latter are to be transmitted are too great. Wherever coal lies closely adjacent to places having heavy power demands it will continue to be thus employed, but the electricity produced will all flow into the same pool.

Similar to this great system, but on a much smaller scale, is the co-operative group of seven power-producing companies at present operating in Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, and the Carolinas. Here the seven systems have already been connected by high-tension transmission lines, making a pool of electric power which because of its greater capacity gives a continuous and unfailing supply of power to each individual member of the super-power system. The extent of this network is about six hundred miles. Some of the power is generated from coal, though its chief source is hydraulic. Last summer during a prolonged drought there was a great water shortage in the Carolinas, which, had it not been possible to withdraw the usual amount of energy from the pool, would have deprived the people of these States of electric light and of power to run factories and street railways. But this energy was generated in Alabama, which had more power than it needed and sent it along the wires to the Carolinas.

THE ECONOMIC ASPECTS

It has been roughly estimated that the electrification of the Nation according to the plans now under discussion will cost about five billion dollars. Yet it must not be thought of as a development into which the people will sink such a vast sum within a short space of time and work out the system within a few years, or even within a single decade. In fact, it is doubtful whether the whole network of lines covering the Nation will have been completed within the lifetime of any one now living. Rather, it is a distant goal to work definitely toward, instead of gradually and blindly evolving in a less efficient and unsystematic manner toward a vague and ill-defined end.

This gigantic proposal to unify and pool the Nation's natural power resources has the backing of one of the largest manufacturers of electrical equipment in the United States, and the statement has been made that its interest in the project is dominated by the altogether legitimate desire to sell electrical equipment. The financial potentialities contained in the control of such a great system as this might be likened to those involved, for instance, in the control by any single organization of our entire railway system. The possibilities are exceedingly vast. Yet it is unthinkable that a nation so gifted with water power and coal for making power should fail ultimately to take advantage of them. The technical difficulties that have previously stood in the way of long-distance transmission over wires, chief of which is the perfecting of suitable insulation to keep the current, flowing under pressures as high as 220,000 volts or higher, from leaving the wires, have now been overcome. As better insulation is perfected still higher voltages will be made possible, with a corresponding increase in distance of efficient transmission.

INSULIN SAVES LIFE BUT DOES NOT CURE

The gift by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., of $150,000 distributed equally among fifteen hospitals in the United States and Canada, in connection with the recently discovered use of insulin for patients afflicted with diabetes, is chiefly intended to instruct and educate doctors in the use of this remarkable drug. The technique of its administration is difficult and the danger of mistakes is great. For the same reason insulin has been patented (not merely registered), not as a money-making plan, but to control its use and keep it out of the hands of incompetent practitioners. It may be that in time a way will be found to use insulin in the form of tablets or otherwise through the stomach, but not only can that not be done at present, but it is regarded by medical authorities as unsafe and undesirable for the patient to make the injections himself.

People who do not read carefully are in danger of mistaking the nature of the undoubtedly immense value of this discovery. They see the statement credited to Dr. Simon Flexner, that the treatments have shown no failures, and they quite wrongly assume that the terribly fatal disease known as diabetes will vanish off the face of the earth. It is, says Dr. Flexner, a true specific. There is a sense in which it is true that when insulin is used diabetes disappears. Yet it is not a cure and is not in the nature of a cure. The disappearance of diabetes is temporary, and if the treatment stops the trouble returns. It will save a man's life—and it is saving many lives threatened with almost immediate death. But it is by driving the disease back temporarily only, treatment by treatment. A patient must therefore take a good deal of trouble and, at present at least, a good deal of expense in order to keep himself alive. On the other hand, who would not prefer to live at the expense of trouble, provided that he is able to go about his business and his house, as is usually the case, rather than to face a rapidly and unavoidably approaching death?

An interesting interview with Dr. Dubovsky, the head of the diabetic clinic of the People's Hospital in New York City, is printed in the New York "Herald" of June 26. From this it appears that a large number of adult patients who are suffering from a mild form of diabetes had better continue to follow the usual dietetic treatment than to take insulin, while on the other hand in most children's cases, where the disease is usually severe, the insulin treatment is most positively desirable. Dr. Dubovsky declares that "adults who have the disease in a mild form may live their life out with no serious trouble by merely following a diet." At present, he says, the effect of the insulin lasts for five hours only, but if the patient takes all his ration of sugar and starch in one meal it is unnecessary to inject the insulin after each meal.

It is well known that the cause of diabetes is the failure of the chemical laboratory of the body to take up properly any large amount of sugar. The failure lies with the pancreas, the function of which is to produce chemical elements which will deal with the sugar. Insulin provides just what the pancreas fails to provide and thereby the metabolism or chemical transformation in the body goes on as it should. Insulin itself is an extract from the pancreas of the sheep; and, as we understand it, the remarkable discovery that an extract could

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be made from the sheep's pancreas which would convert sugar substance into substance capable of assimilation in the human body was made about a year ago by Dr. F. C. Banting, of Toronto. The possibilities of the development of insulin are great, and Dr. Banting's name will undoubtedly go down in medical history as that of a discoverer who is entitled to fame and to the thanks of many who are afflicted and in danger of death.

MEDICAL TRAINING FOR NEGROES

A WOEFUL lack of colored physicians, dentists, and trained nurses is pointed out by Secretary of Interior Work, who says that the Government itself must supply first aid toward increasing the number by providing additional facilities at the two institutions in the United States which maintain medical schools for Negroes. These institutions are Howard University, in Washington, and Meharry Medical College, in Nashville, Tennessee. Of the two, Meharry has turned out much the larger number of graduates.

Secretary Work points out that, while there is one white physician to every 533 white persons in the United States, there are 3,194 colored persons to every colored physician. The disparity is even greater in the proportion of white and colored dentists to the white and colored population. The Secretary does not give the figures as to the proportion of white and colored trained nurses, but the disparity is undoubtedly greater even than with dentists.

All of this is due, the Secretary says, not to any disinclination of Negroes to study medicine, dentistry, and nursing, but to the lack of facilities for doing so. The two schools maintained exclusively for their education as doctors and surgeons are hampered by lack of money, and applications exceed accommodations. Other medical schools, maintained primarily for white students, are open to Negroes, but few avail themselves of the privilege. The number of colored physicians graduated from medical colleges other than Howard and Meharry averages only about 12 a year.

If the opportunity for obtaining the necessary education were afforded, Secretary Work thinks, there would shortly be created a body of colored physicians, dentists, pharmacists, and nurses sufficient to render every medical assistance to their own people. That, he thinks, is the only way in which the menace of disease can be successfully combated.

Of the two institutions to which he suggests that the Government give additional aid, Howard University is already operated under Government patronage. Meharry has thus far done a notable work with meager endowment. If it, together with Howard, is given substantial Government aid, a worth-while beginning will have been made toward providing facilities for medical education among the Negroes.

FOR WAYFARERS BY MOTOR

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WALLACE recently told the members of the American Automobile Association that almost before we realize it we shall have a road system that will enable the tourist to drive from one end of the country to the other and from any part of any State to another in the assurance of finding good roads the entire distance. The Federal aid road programme has put an end to the building of roads along routes that do not serve the needs of traffic. By agreement with State officials, routes have been selected which not only meet the traffic needs of the State in which they lie but connect with one another to form a great National highway system.

By the end of this summer, the Secretary said, 179,000 miles of road will have been designated as a part of the system. In the thirty-three States whose systems have already been approved more than ninety per cent of the cities of 5,000 population or more lie directly on an approved Federal aid road, and of the remaining ten per cent there is not one that will not be connected with the system by an improved State or county road.

On March 31 of this year only 21,638 miles of road, a little more than one-eighth of the total, had been completed. Progress, said the Secretary, may be slower than some would like, but it is a progress that constantly gains momentum. Since the Federal aid programme was launched in 1917 money actually paid out has averaged hardly more than $30,000,000 a year. Sixty-five million dollars is authorized for the fiscal year beginning July 1 of this year, and $75,000,000 for the succeeding fiscal year.

In spite of the inconvenience which delay seems to entail, it is undoubtedly best that the work cannot be completed quickly. Traffic requirements are changing so rapidly that no one can speak with full authority as to the best methods and types of road construction. Roads formerly thought to be of the best type of construction went to pieces under the strain of increasingly heavy motor traffic. It may be that types now thought to be adequate will not prove so as the burden of traffic increases still more.

Scientific research is carried on by the Department of Agriculture, and many unsuspected facts as to materials and designs have been discovered. We shall have better roads because of the long time necessary to construct them.

A MILEAGE IDEAL

WHEN the railways of the United States started out some months ago to equip themselves adequately with rolling stock, they started also to make every freight car do its full duty. Every loaded car was to be made to run its full quota of miles a day. It was stated that every increase of one mile in the average movement of a freight car is equivalent to the addition of 100,000 freight cars to the country's transportation facilities.

The effort is bearing fruit. Freight-car performance statistics for April, the latest available, show that the average was increased by a mile over the March average. Thus within the month the railways in effect added 100,000 more cars to their equipment than they bought.

The April average was 28 miles a day. The goal set is 30 miles a day. In computing the average, account is taken of all freight cars, including those loaded, those in process of loading, and those in side-tracks either waiting repair or for which no load is immediately available. If the ideal of thirty miles daily is realized, as it appears in a fair way of being, the railways will have increased the carrying capacity of their old cars to an equivalent of 300,000 car-loads.

A GROUNDLESS ATTACK

NOT long ago a foreign correspondent of a Chicago newspaper, in commenting on Philippine affairs, made a statement which was taken by papers and persons hostile to General Leonard Wood to mean that in his capacity as Governor-General of the Philippines he had announced that he would make public a list of United States Senators and Representatives who had received payments from the funds of the Philippine Commission

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of Independence for aid to the cause of independence in the islands. Thereupon Representative Frear, of Missouri, wrote and mailed to all members of Congress a letter attacking General Wood both for his supposed statement above referred to and for the alleged excessive expenditure when he was a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. The bitterness and unfairness of Mr. Frear's attack showed that he had hastened to seize the first opportunity to vent his hostility to General Wood, without learning the facts.

It now appears, both from a statement made by General Wood himself and by one sent out from the Philippine Press Bureau of Washington, that nothing of the kind was said by Governor Wood. A letter from him to the Secretary of the Commission of Independence in Manila states: "In reply to your inquiry I beg to assure you that no information has ever come to me to the effect that any member of the American Congress has ever received any pay or compensation from the independence funds."

Equally definite is the statement made by the President of the Philippine Senate, Manuel L. Quezon. His point of view is that the statement was part of "a campaign of malicious lies and defamation" and was intended to discredit the advocates of independence. We are sorry to see that the Philippine Press Bureau, in reporting these facts, not only takes the same ground with Mr. Quezon, but quite gratuitously makes slurring references to the fund contributed for the supporting of General Wood in the pre-convention Presidential campaign.

The fact appears to be that General Wood is acting with his usual discretion and fairness as between factions in the Philippines. His own views as to the desirability of immediate independence have not led him to use his official position to exert pressure on the campaign for independence so long as it is kept within legal and proper limits. The situation is peculiar because the Commission of Independence has, we are told, the support both politically and financially of the Philippine Legislature and has as its special purpose the carrying on of a campaign in the United States for the independence of the Philippines, as well as the promotion of closer relations between the islands and this country. If office-holders in the Philippines have supported this Commission, they have some ground for maintaining that the action of the Legislature makes it proper for them to lend their support to a movement thus officially indorsed.

At all events, it is quite clear that the animus of the report as to "bribery" in Washington was a desire to injure the administrative branch of the Philippine Government, and not to reflect on the supporters of independence.

MINNESOTA AT THE POLLS

POLITICS cannot arouse very much excitement in June of an off year. What the voters are thinking to-day is not a very good guide to what they will think when they come to electing a President and a Congress a year from next November. About this time in the quadrennium between Presidential elections the idea of getting rid of both the old parties and starting new ones seems to acquire great vogue. Otherwise politics seem to be relegated to the attic with other things in moth balls.

An exception this year, however, seems to be Minnesota, and this is largely due to the situation caused by the death of Senator Nelson. Before the end of May a campaign on behalf of the various aspirants for nomination of Senatorial candidates on the several party tickets was well under way. Nine names appeared on the ballot for the Republican nomination, three on the Farmer-Labor ballot, and two on the Democratic. As a result of this preliminary campaign Governor Preus was chosen as the Republican candidate, former State Senator Magnus Johnson was chosen as the Farmer-Labor candidate, and State Senator Carley was chosen as the Democratic candidate.

The Farmer-Labor party represents what in Europe is called the Left. Born in Sweden about fifty-two years ago and coming to this country when he was twenty years of age, the Farmer-Labor candidate is in many respects typical of numerous people in the Northwest who are Americans by choice. He has worked as mill-hand, lumberjack, and farmer. He has served as assessor, justice of the peace, clerk of the School Board, a member of the Legislature. He has been an officer of farmers' organizations. With a personal bearing to be expected after a life such as his, he has established the reputation of a man with good ideals, an understanding of the needs of farmers of the State, and personal honesty. It is not unlikely that Republicans who were disappointed at the failure of some outstanding radical to get the Republican nomination will in some, perhaps many, cases vote for the Farmer-Labor candidate. On the other hand, whatever hope that the Farmer-Labor organization had of capturing the regular Democratic vote has gone; for the contest in the Democratic primary made it impossible for Mr. Carley to retire and leave a clear field for Mr. Johnson. If Mr. Carley should withdraw, Mr. Cary, his opponent in the Democratic primary, would automatically become the Democratic candidate.

Indications are therefore that in the three-cornered contest the Republican candidate, Governor Jacob A. O. Preus, starts with an advantage. He is about twelve years younger than his Farmer-Labor opponent. A native of Wisconsin, he attended school in the country; he was graduated from Luther College in Iowa and from the Law School of the University of Minnesota. He has had some experience in the United States Senate as clerk under Senator Nelson. Since then he has been successively executive clerk in the Governor's office, Insurance Commissioner, State Auditor, and Governor. He has made a good record in public office and has an engaging personality.

The vote in the primaries was very light. In spite of the re-election of George E. Leach as Mayor of Minneapolis as a "liberal" with the support of the Socialists and the advocates of a wide-open town, there seems to be a sign of the subsidence of that spirit of unrest which in Minnesota replaced Mr. Kellogg with Mr. Shipstead in the United States Senate.

THE MOB FEARS THE LAW

IN most cases of lynchings the passion of the mob could have been held in check if there had been honest and determined effort to do so on the part of the officers of the law. Every time, therefore, that the law is upheld and enforced as against a lynching mob a good example is set and the authority of government as against violence and lawlessness is increased.

The other day at Savannah a mob of many hundreds of men gathered around the jail and announced its intention to break in and kill a Negro charged with a heinous offense. Thus far the story reads like that of many

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a similar occurrence. One expects to see it continued with a relation of the breaking down of the prison doors, seizure of the culprit, or alleged culprit, and his death at the hands of the mob, perhaps with the added horror of burning alive.

What happened in this case at Savannah was quite different. The citizens of influence and sober judgment argued with the crowd in behalf of the law, but with no immediate result; then orders to disperse were issued; still no result; then the fire engines were called out and played their hose on the crowd; finally a company of militia with a machine gun was marched to the jail. There was a little rioting and some small attempt at violence, but by this time the mob had become convinced that the officials were in earnest and its members dispersed before serious injury was done on either side.

The authorities at Savannah are to be congratulated both on their patience and on their firmness. This Southern town has set an example to all towns North or South faced with the fury of a mob of lynchers.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES TO THE STOCKHOLDERS

NO ruler or governmental chief in the world bears a relation to the people of his country quite like that of the President to the people of the United States. The President is not a ruler; he does not reign; he has no court; he lacks even the remnant of the tradition of divine right; he has no vested interest in his office; but, representing as he does the sovereignty of the State, he bears a relation to the sovereign people as direct and inclusive as any monarch bears to his subjects. The President is not a governmental chief; he does not depend for his political authority, as a prime minister does, upon the will of any legislative majority; he is not dependent upon the fortunes of the legislative programme he espouses; he does not command the will of party leaders; he is not dependent upon a ministry or a cabinet; he neither enjoys the authority nor feels the constraint of such a parliamentary executive as is common among almost all other self-governing peoples; but, representing as he does the National success of his party, and being, as he is, the only individual who is charged with the carrying into effect of the policies which the people as a whole have approved, he is as definitely a party leader as any prime minister, and is as responsible as any prime minister can be to those who constitute in his Nation the majority.

Such a journey as President Harding is taking from the Atlantic seacoast to the vast domain of Alaska, extending thousands of miles beyond the Pacific coast of the United States, could not be duplicated in any other nation in the world. If in some way not merely the offices but the persons of Mr. Baldwin, the British Prime Minister, and George V, the British monarch, could be merged and then that double personage, representing the double office, could journey from London to Scotland and Ireland, and to Australia or South Africa, speaking authoritatively alike for the interests of the Empire and for the policy of the dominant party, there might be some analogy which would be understandable to English people. In order to make an analogy understandable to French people there would have to be an imagined coalescence of Poincaré and Millerand.

Perhaps the truest analogy, and yet quite inadequate, one which has been sometimes used, and which perhaps will serve as well as another, is the relation of the president of a corporation to the stockholders. This is the analogy that President Harding himself has used. "Our Government," said President Harding in his speech at St. Louis on June 22, "is the biggest business in the world. . . . I am rejoiced to speak to you as your President reporting on the state of affairs to the stockholders of this Republic."

In giving an account of his stewardship, President Harding has planned a number of speeches. Of these we here report the substance of the first five—on the International Court, on the railway problem, on the development of agriculture, on the problem of the production and distribution of coal, and on prohibition, respectively.

In these first five speeches the President has discussed contentious subjects in a spirit far from contentiousness. He has attacked nobody; he has aspersed no man's motives. He has followed the policy not of crushing opposition but of attempting to convert it. He has not avoided conclusions or concealed convictions; but he has not made the error that many political leaders make of confusing surmises with conclusions and convictions with impulses. In every instance he has outlined a policy.

THE INTERNATIONAL COURT

The present comfortable conditions of life in America, safeguarded by great financial and economic strength, served President Harding as a means by which to measure our responsibility to the rest of the world.

"There are problems in our international relations," said the President, "which are no more to be avoided than the vital questions of our own relations at home. The citizen who believes in aloofness is blind to inescapable obligations."

In these international relationships President Harding placed most emphasis upon the substitution of "reason for prejudice, law for obduracy, and justice for passion." He therefore repeated his advocacy of participation by the United States in the Permanent Court of International Justice, but he laid down as indispensable two conditions:

> First, that the tribunal be so constituted as to appear and to be . . . a world court and not a League court.
>
> Second, that the United States shall occupy a plane of perfect equality with every other Power.

Reminding his hearers of the uniform policy of the United States in favor of international arbitration and of the judicial decision of international disputes, he frankly said: "I have not held it seemly . . . to say to the nations which have established very much what we have wished that they must put aside their very commendable creation because we do not subscribe to its every detail."

Believing that we can adhere to the protocol establishing the Court with proper reservations and still be free from every possible obligation to the League, though preferring the course of complete independence of the League, he said nevertheless that he was "more anxious to effect our helpful commitment to the Court" than he was "to score a victory for executive insistence." President Harding repudiated the thought that adherence to the Court is the first step to joining the League. He did not say in his St. Louis speech, as he is reported to have said and as repeated editorial comment by supporters of the League have represented him as saying, that the League of Nations was dead as slavery. What he said was that the issue of the League was dead. Nothing could be more emphatic than

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President Harding's declaration that he was now as opposed to the present Covenant of the League as he was in 1920.

That, however, he does not consider the League itself as dead is proved by the fact that he is willing to let the Court be selected by the League provided the voice of the United States is heard on an equality with the other voices in the election. If, however, this method of selecting the Court stands in the way, President Harding submits "as a basis for consideration, discussion, and judgment" the two following alternatives:

> (1) By empowering the Court itself to fill any vacancy arising from the death of a member, or retirement for whatever cause, without interposition from any other body; or
>
> (2) By continuing the existing authority of the Permanent Court of Arbitration [at The Hague] to nominate, and by transferring the power to elect from the Council and Assembly of the League to the remaining members of the Court of Justice.

Omitting from serious consideration the arguments of extremists on one side who want the Court as a step to the League, and the extremists on the other side who wish this Republic to live as a hermit Nation, Mr. Harding wishes to secure the agreement of two great groups who alike urge the participation of the United States in some world court of justice. One group believes that the choosing of the Court under a distinct protocol instead of under the Covenant of the League removes every tincture of subservience or obligation; while the other group suspects the present Court because of its origin. The President's proposal is to afford some basis by which these two groups, disagreeing in method but agreeing in aim, may find a common ground of action.

The President's proposal to make in one way or another the International Court self-perpetuating raises as serious a question as it is designed to allay. Would Americans be willing to provide that the Supreme Court of the United States be made self-perpetuating? If not, are they willing that an international court be made self-perpetuating? We do not believe that the great mass of the people will long preserve a suspicion of the Court because of its origin. We believe that when they consider the question they will agree with the President when he [illegible]: "I care not whence the Court [illegible] insist only that its integrity, [illegible]lence, its complete and continuing freedom be safeguarded absolutely."

THE RAILWAY PROBLEM

At Kansas City, on June 22, the President discussed the most pressing question affecting the whole Nation, but particularly the people in the Central States. Not only is uninterrupted transportation of their products vital, but also transportation that is reasonably cheap. In the course of the development of the country it has been inevitable that enterprise should have built roads in anticipation of future population and future industry. Such roads cannot operate profitably at rates which roads in more fully developed regions find ample. It is universally acknowledged, therefore, that if such railways are not to be abandoned, they must either be assisted by the Government or be grouped with other railways which can share with them their profits and help them bear their costs. The President pointed out this problem, outlined the provisional grouping of the roads under the Esch-Cummins Law, declared the abandonment of useful railways as inconceivable, and said that if these railways are to be saved there are just three possible ways to do it:

> 1. For the Government to take and operate the weak roads, and thus bear all the loss without any of the profits of railroad management.
>
> 2. For the Government to take all the railroads, convert them into one gigantic pool, and plunge into the enormous responsibility thus incurred. In the present state of the Public Treasury and of tax burdens, and in the light of recent sad experience with Government management, this is not to be considered. I believe it would be politically, socially, and economically disastrous.
>
> 3. The plan of consolidations already outlined, bringing economies in operation, financial stability, ability to secure needed capital, adjusting rates and regulations to the necessities of the position, and preserving the real advantages of competition in service while avoiding the evils of Government ownership.

In urging the maintenance of continuous transportation through avoidance of strikes, the President expressed his belief in the necessity for both managers and railway labor organizations to comply with the decisions of the Railroad Labor Board. There is no indication in the President's speech that he has considered the other method of securing willing co-operation between management and men of which the organization on the Pennsylvania Railroad has been the one conspicuous and successful example.

PROBLEMS OF AGRICULTURE

At Hutchinson, Kansas, President Harding discussed the agricultural problems of the country. A large part of his speech was a rehearsal of the legislation which has been passed to provide means of credit and co-operation for farmers comparable with those enjoyed for generations by merchants and manufacturers. To report this speech in brief would be simply to catalogue a list of legislative acts most of which have been from time to time described in this journal. Such further discussion as we can give to this complicated and important question of agricultural prosperity must be postponed. We must be satisfied here to say that the President's speech should be read particularly in the cities of this country. It should be made available for those whose lives depend upon the farmers' products and whose comfort is due to the farmers' labors. The contrast which the President draws between the days of serfdom and these days of the intelligent and landowning farmer of America is one which should not be contemplated with complacency, but should be accepted as a challenge to statesmanship for further progress. There is nothing this country needs more than the establishment of its agricultural population upon a basis of economic independence in the present and reasonable confidence for the future.

THE PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF COAL

At Cheyenne, Wyoming, the President, in an informal speech from the rear platform of a train, discussed the question which has probably been felt acutely by more people during the past ten months than any other question with which the Government has had to deal—the supply of fuel. His speech may be summarized in these brief sentences:

Coal consumers can help by buying coal in periods of scant consumption.

You can no more produce coal than you can produce wheat by compulsion.

Men who will not work willingly in the coal mines will ultimately be replaced by those who will.

We shall not find the solution for our fuel problems in nationalizing the mines.

We shall not find it in the method of production which provides the mine

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worker only a hundred or a hundred and fifty working days a year.

PROHIBITION

At Denver the President devoted his speech to prohibition. In this he approached his subject from a historical background. He pointed out that this Nation had been called upon to lay a foundation of law and build upon it a superstructure without the leisure that older countries have enjoyed. Without models which could be followed exactly for the new circumstances, Americans had to create institutions of law and government at a time of industrial and social revolution. Naturally, in the process Americans have not acquired the same attitude toward law that the people in Europe have. It is therefore the more necessary that we should develop a conscious respect for law that may not be necessary in older countries. This is the problem before us in prohibition. It is not an issue between wet and dry; it is an issue of respect for law. Therefore the President deplored the action of certain States in attempting to avoid their responsibility for the enforcement of prohibition; and he pointed out what The Outlook has also pointed out, that in the name of States' rights there has been an invitation for Federal interference. What he says in this matter is worth quoting verbatim:

> It is a curious illustration of loose thinking, that some people have proposed, as a means to protecting the fullest rights of the States, that the States should abandon their part in enforcing the prohibitory policy. That means simply an invitation to the Federal Government to exercise powers which should be exercised by the States. Instead of being an assertion of State rights, it is an abandonment of them; it is an abdication; it amounts to a confession by the State that it doesn't choose to govern itself, but prefers to turn the task, or a considerable part of it, over to the Federal authority. There could be no more complete negation of State rights.

The President was firm in his statement that prohibition was going to remain the law of the land and that the issue of enforcement should be taken out of politics.

THE EFFECT OF THE SPEECHES

No President has probably spoken to so many people as President Harding has. It is under his Administration that radio-telephony has been perfected. The number of those who all over the country "listened in" while the President was speaking is beyond estimate.

And, appropriately, President Harding has not relied upon oratory or rhetorical effects in his speeches, but upon a spirit of reasonableness. It is evident that the personal impression that the President has made during this trip has increased the number of his friends. He has persuaded, not by logic, but by the evident willingness of himself to be persuaded.

Such speeches as the President has been delivering ought to be made more available in their printed form. We repeat here what we have repeatedly said before, that some provision ought to be made by which American citizens could get through their local post offices any public document (such as these speeches of the President, for example) at cost. The President is performing one of his most important functions in discussing before the people of the country the problems that concern them. His service should be made as widely available as possible.

THE YALE-HARVARD RACES

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

"WHEN a ship finds herself, all the talking of the separate pieces ceases and melts into one voice which is the soul of the ship." So says Rudyard Kipling in his famous tale "The Ship That Found Herself." Substitute "oarsmen" for "pieces" and "racing shell" for "ship," and we get the big reason for Yale's triple victory on the Thames. Unison, smoothness, the harmonious application and relaxation of force, the adherence to a pre-determined, moderate number of strokes per minute—only when desperately challenged in the 'varsity race did Yale rise above 32, and for most of the four miles she clung to her steady 30—these were the things that gave victory. Those of us who saw only the last half-mile witnessed as pretty a piece of rowing as those who saw the first half-mile—even better probably as to form. The blue-tipped oars moved almost like a pair of wings, with a continuous glide of the shell that contrasted with the evident check in the Harvard boat. There tremendous exertions were being made by a strong and stout-hearted crew; but in their boat there was clear to every eye the fatal pause between strokes; the shell jumped, but it did not glide. And an expert observer of the freshman race noted in Yale's boat "the fine precision and co-ordination," which is precisely what I have been trying to describe as Yale's 'varsity's prime quality. The time for the 'varsity race (22 minutes 10 seconds) was not fast, though the water was smooth, but the last half of the race was not hard pushed.

Then, some one may ask, if this unison is all so simple, why is it so rarely seen? It isn't simple; it comes only through long, hard work and under a trainer and stroke oar whose rowing ideas are right and who have the extremely rare faculty of "getting over" teaching into practice. Courtney was notably such a coach, and emphatically Yale's trainer, Leader, who put the University of Washington on the rowing map, is just that also. The Yale stroke oar, Lindley, set a perfect model for those behind him; and that he had a cool head also was seen when at the two-mile-out struggle he held the even tenor of his speed until the Harvard crew had winded themselves in getting the lead and were quietly and finally passed by the steady, smooth, machine-like motion of their rival.

Usually unison in stroke and recovery is a gradual growth; sometimes it seems to come in a given instant. Mr. George Marvin, in his recent article, "The Oracle of the Oar," in The Outlook, put it this way: "Sometimes it comes as a gift out of the sky. One moment it is not there; the next, it has come to stay, an indwelling music. Without peradventure each man knows it. They have arrived. Eight men in a boat they were a while ago. Now they are a crew."

And when that unison comes, he points out, it is by the obliteration of self: "No man can row humbly and victoriously. He must be eagerly conscious of that one-eighth of a greater self which is he, and overweeningly proud of it."

To an onlooker like myself who had not seen a university boat race for exactly fifty years the most notable aspect of the New London occasion was that it was a beautiful and varied water festival. The thousands who watched the races from the two observation trains of thirty-each undoubtedly saw mo

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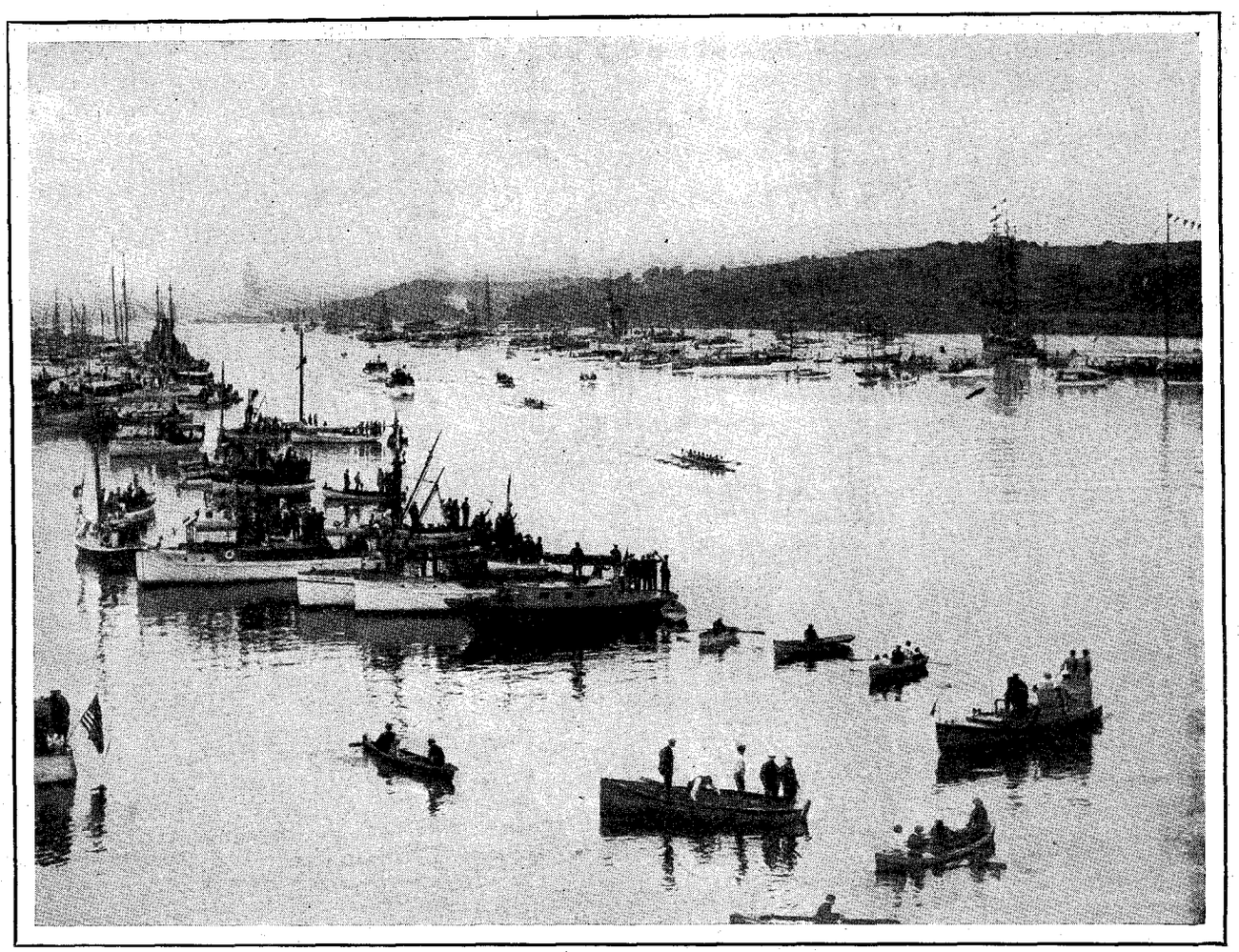

(C) Underwood

THE FINISH OF THE 'VARSITY RACE ON THE THAMES, AT NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, WITH YALE LEADING HARVARD BY MORE THAN SIX LENGTHS

actual racing (although even their view was not continuous or complete) than those on pleasure boats; but, as one of the latter, I doubt if they had a better time. The New London event is becoming more and more like the Henley regatta. Up the river, above the double drawbridge that marks the finish of the four-mile course, there lay on Thursday afternoon certainly well over two hundred vessels. From the million-dollar yacht with its lofty masts down through sailing vessels of every type and size, to the tiniest tut-tut boat, they swung at anchor in irregular lines; motor race-boats occasionally dashed through at startling speed; house-boats lay stolidly at their moorings; rowboats took visitors from one yacht to another; even a venturesome canoe was seen here and there. The hullabaloo of noisy trains and crowded and excited hotel mobs were far away. There were flags and color galore and many flaunting red and blue banners, while bunches of balloons—red, blue, sometimes both—were bobbing here and there. It was a lively and charming spectacle, one long to be remembered. A few big excursion boats bore their hundreds of sightseers; motor cars were parked on the roads or on fields and lawns; everywhere the sightseers on foot had draped themselves, as it were, against the background of the gray New England rocks. As a spectacle the Harvard-Yale race is perhaps less exciting and certainly less amusing than the Harvard-Yale ball games as they are now staged, but as an out-of-door festival and stirring contest in one it yields to nothing.

Yale's triple victory on the river was not noticeably overshadowed by Harvard's victory the day before in the races between the substitutes for the crews and between crews of graduates (one wishes that the press would stop calling the latter the gentlemen's race), and it was nicely emphasized when Yale the next day won the third and decisive Yale-Harvard baseball game by a score of 10 to 3.

One is glad to notice a general subsidence of the talk, once rather pronounced in some quarters, to the effect that it is exclusive or snobbish for Yale and Harvard to race together. Hardly any one now holds that all American colleges should or could compete for National championships. The thing is practically an impossibility in any form of athletic contest—including debating! Everybody knows that Yale and Harvard do not in the slightest claim that their feudal but friendly races entitle the winner to any claim of supremacy. If time permitted, it would be agreeable and exciting to see a race between the winners at Poughkeepsie and New London. But the conditions of college life make that inconvenient. College oarsmen give to their colleges more time and more grinding, worrying hard work than any other athletes, and have less of the fun and excitement of public performance. They are, and must be, trained for one ultimate supreme effort. When the judges' whistle sounds at the finish, let them go to their vacation enjoyment; don't ask them to keep in training for another race.

Yale and Harvard have now rowed together fifty-six races, beginning in 1852 but not counting races in which both rowed with other colleges; the attempt in the early seventies to combine with other colleges in racing was not altogether satisfactory, and has never been renewed. I hope that they will row fifty-six more together, and that the present record of winners

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(Yale 29, Harvard 27) will continue to be close enough to make things interesting. Oxford and Cambridge have been racing one another on the English Thames since 1829; may Harvard and Yale's fierce and amicable rivalry on the American Thames continue for a century! Very probably the great race at Poughkeepsie, which will be rowed before this issue of The Outlook is read, will directly interest a much larger number of college men, and it is, I judge, a more important sporting event Nationally considered. In all that view of the matter Yale and Harvard men cordially join. But there is something about their old-time bi-college race that they like too much to give up. In the worlds of the two colleges it has primacy among athletic events, because it has the flavor of old memories and college traditions. I hate the word "classic," so recklessly applied—down at New London I saw a particularly obnoxious-looking lollipop advertised as "a classic candy," and nearly every four-flushing horse-race and some fancy dancers are "classics." But perhaps there really is something that entitles the English Derby and the university races between Oxford and Cambridge and Harvard and Yale to the much-abused adjective.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

New London, June 23, 1923.

GENERAL GOURAUD

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

IT was in January, 1915, in the heart of winter, at one of the most atrocious moments of the battle in the Argonne. Nothing could be more trying and more deadly than the fighting in this immense forest. The Germans had a tremendous advantage over us in machine guns, minnewerfer, hand grenades, etc. Their advance could be stopped only by the heroism of our soldiers.

A desperate battle was raging, both adversaries fighting without seeing each other in the wood.

Every day many long trains of dead and wounded came down from this hell of an Argonne to the hospitals and the cemeteries of Ste.-Menehould.

Taking advantage of a few hours' rest, I went to call on General Gouraud, who was in command of a division quite close to my army corps.

A few days before, during a most violent battle, while he was doing the job of a mere lieutenant on the front line, he had been wounded by a bullet which, through some wonderful miracle, passed between the arm and the body, grazing two arteries without breaking either of them.

I found him in the little house which was his headquarters at *"les Islettes,"* with an arm in a sling, his lean face full of energy, oblivious of his wound, anxious only about the war and the welfare of his soldiers. He had refused to go, even for one day, to the hospital.

A few weeks later the Government gave him the command of the French expeditionary forces in the Dardanelles.

Everybody knows what this frightful expedition was: the French and British troops occupying a narrow strip of land, day and night under the fire of the Turkish guns.

A shell bursting amid the small group surrounding Gouraud hurled him two or three meters into the air, tore off half of his arm, and almost cut him in two.

(C) Keystone

GENERAL GOURAUD

On the hospital ship that took him back to France the surgeons had to amputate his arm. Any other man would have died, but his wonderful constitution enabled him to undergo successfully the operation.

While on leave from the front I went to see him in Paris in the private hospital where he had been taken.

I saw him lying on his bed, entirely wrapped in bandages, almost unable to move, but keeping always his keen expression and his alert mind, and eager to know all the news from the war.

"I feel that my strength is rapidly coming back," he said to me. "Within two months you shall call on me at my headquarters, when I shall again be in command of my army."

When I heard these words, I first thought he was half mad. I was convinced that for six months at least, or even a year, he would not be able to get up.

Well, this extraordinary and miraculous thing happened exactly as he had said. Two months later Gouraud was again on his feet, full of strength and energy, taking the command of the Fourth Army, which Joffre had given to him, and which he led to victory.

I have known Gouraud for some twenty years.

When he was only a major, during his short leaves in Paris he used from time to time to call by night at my office in the "Figaro," to tell me the most striking stories about his colonial expeditions.

For Gouraud is the perfect type of the colonial soldier. His whole career until the war was made in the colonies. When twenty-five, a young lieutenant, he performed a wonderful feat. With only a handful of soldiers, he rushed to the pursuit of a Moorish kinglet, Samori, and after a tremendous raid and an amazing display of pluck succeeded in capturing him.

At the time of the conquest of Morocco he was among those who, under the direct command of Marshal Lyautey, for whom he has the greatest veneration, took the largest part in all expeditions.

When after the war France accepted the mandate for Syria, Gouraud was intrusted with the heavy task of relieving the British troops in the Near East.

It is always to men like Gouraud

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that people turn when there is some hard work to do. This time the mission was particularly difficult. With quite insufficient means, Gouraud was expected to establish peace in a large country all torn by war, to stop the Turkish raids, to check the rebels, to thwart the intrigues of Faisal, etc. At that time Gouraud was the Military Governor of Strasbourg. He had made a victorious entrance into the capital of Alsace at the head of his army. He lived in a beautiful palace; his life was exceedingly pleasant amid a population who loved him. However, when he was called on to assume his new duty he left everything without a minute's hesitation and sailed for Syria.

Last year, in the spring, he invited me to spend a few weeks with him. I accepted joyfully, and was his guest at the residence in Beirût. The days which I spent over there in this Eastern land, so full of legends, so rich in tradition and history, will count among the happiest of my life. Thanks to him, I traveled all over the country under most interesting conditions—on horseback, by motor, by airplane. I visited the wonderful castles which the French crusaders built in those far-away lands during their struggle against the infidels; I went to Tripoli, Homs, Hama, a wonder of Moorish art and civilization, Aleppo, the great merchant city of the north. There I boarded an airplane and, flying over the desert, followed the desolated banks of the Euphrates to Dereszor, midway from Bagdad. I flew back through Palmyra to Damascus.

I found General Gouraud representing France with the utmost dignity, highly considered by the natives, respected and loved by all.

Lately he was recalled from Syria by the French Government to sit on the Supreme Council of War, a small body composed of all the leading generals, who, in case of war, would have the command of an army.

Thanks to this, he has been able to accept the invitation of the Forty-second Division, and is coming to the United States as a guest of his former comrades who fought so gallantly under him. No doubt Gouraud will be given here a warm and enthusiastic reception.

One has often and rightly insisted upon the amazing variety to be found in the gallery of the great French military chiefs. As to their outward appearance, their ways, their moods, one cannot imagine men more different than Joffre, Foch, Pétain. The same could be said of the other generals. What more striking contrast could exist than between men like Gouraud, Mangin, and Degoutte?

Among the great generals whose merits were disclosed by the war Gouraud stands quite apart. His popularity and his prestige among the French are quite exceptional. He radiates some kind of magnetic fluid which impresses all those who approach him. He is tall, lean, and slender, with a well-shaped head, a tanned face, eyes which are at once those of a man of action and of a dreamer.

"He has the look of a father," a most intelligent American woman once said to me. If, by any chance, instead of his khaki uniform of the French colonial army, he should appear in a coarse-cloth frock, he would look exactly like one of these warrior monks of the Middle Ages who took the cross and fought gallantly with the Crusaders.

All those who have served under him worship him and are to the utmost devoted to him. He is a marvelous leader of men.

One might say about him what people said about Davoust, one of the great marshals of Napoleon: "It was enough to look at him to turn a coward into a gallant man."

The friendship between France and America, which is already more than a century old, and which no cloud has ever darkened, is made of moral elements much more than material ones. Sentiment—what Bismarck, though a great realist, used to call the imponderable—has a much greater part in it than interest. It is the foundation upon which its strength is built.

French and Americans are closely united by the memory of the two wars in which they fought side by side—the Independence War, more than a century ago, the Great War, so close to us. One has to maintain alive this secret memory. It is a fire which needs be kept burning. The surest way for that purpose is the going to France of the American chiefs, whom the French are always pleased to welcome, and the coming to America of prominent Frenchmen.

France could not have made a better choice than to send Gouraud to the United States.

THE QUOTA LAW

BY ERNEST GREENWOOD

WHEN the Quota Law, restricting the number of immigrants coming to the United States from any one country annually to a number equal to three per cent of the number of persons of that nationality residing here in 1910, was passed, it caused hardly a ripple on the surface of that alleged great force in American life—public opinion. It was not what might be called a burning issue. True, it provided fresh material for those Congressmen who, feeling some sort of cosmic urge, return home ever so often to tell the folks how the country has been saved by the wise and far-seeing legislation of the umpty-ump Congress. So few people know anything about the subject of immigration and its tremendous relation to the economic situation in America that one can talk for hours about keeping "America for Americans" without even starting an argument. It can be made the basis of speeches on radicalism, Communism, the lowering of the standard of the race, sanitation, employment, assimilation, Americanism, education, and a thousand other subjects which are considered as safe for the politician intent on holding his job. But to the great mass of the people the Quota Law, or, as it is sometimes called, the "Three Per Cent Law," did not mean a great deal.

Those who gave it any serious thought, and particularly those who considered it in relation to the economic and industrial situation at that time, greeted it with a general feeling of relief. There were rumors of an approaching industrial depression. A serious unemployment crisis seemed imminent. It was realized that if such a crisis should occur a large influx of immigrants would only add to the unemployed who, together with their dependents, would be in need of some kind of support.

Labor, always fearful of a reduction of the standards of the conditions of employment and living conditions for American workers which might be brought about by unusual numbers of what is designated as "cheap foreign labor," looked upon it as a victory for the policy of the closed door. The American trade union movement has always opposed the liberality which has characterized the immigration policy of the Government in the past. Within a year after the war there was every evidence that immigration to the United States, already so heavy that our industrial communities have had difficulty in absorbing it, would increase to such an extent that we would be literally swamped with for-

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eign workers for whom there would be little or no employment. It must be remembered that most of the immigrants who come to us from Europe are in the class of what is known as "common labor," and do not therefore add to the supply of skilled labor. Skilled labor is recruited from common labor only after a considerable lapse of time, and sudden heavy additions to the supply of common labor contribute nothing to the visible supply of skilled labor. Therefore a sudden boom in, for example, the building trades, bringing about an apparent shortage of high-class workers such as bricklayers, carpenters, structural steel workers, and others, is not affected by an unusually large supply of unemployed common labor.

Large employers accepted the passage of the law with mixed feelings. They realized of course that the dumping of a million or, what is more probable, two million immigrants into the United States on the eve of a possible business depression, with large numbers of our own citizens facing involuntary unemployment, would create a very serious situation. On the other hand, they were more fearful of a permanent shutting off of the flow of common labor from Europe and a future decrease, or even a future total elimination, of what is sometimes called "the pool of normal unemployed." The average employer regards an excess of the supply of labor over the demand as a necessary and good thing. He looks upon it as a brake on constantly mounting wages. To him a situation where the supply falls short of the demand means nothing more or less than fresh demands from the workers.

The present Commissioner-General of Immigration looked upon the Quota Law simply as a step in the right direction. He had noted for a long time the gradual change which had come about in the ratio between immigrants from the northern and northwestern countries of Europe, including the United Kingdom, and the immigrants from the eastern, southern, and southeastern countries. Many years ago about eighty per cent of our immigrants came from Germany, Belgium, the United Kingdom, and the Scandinavian countries; the balance, with the exception of those who came from Mexico and from South and Central America, came from eastern, southern, and southeastern Europe. Just prior to the war this ratio was found to be completely reversed, with only twenty per cent of our immigrants coming from the northern and western countries.

The Commissioner-General felt that, in addition to practically closing the doors at a time when the economic situation seemed to demand it, the Quota Law would once more reverse these percentages. He did not feel—and experience has shown that he was right—that this law would reduce the possible number of immigrants from the northern and western countries. He did realize that it would cut down tremendously the immigration from the other countries, which, in his opinion, send us the least desirable immigrants, and that therefore the old ratio would be established. This is exactly what has happened. But the Commissioner-General went further. He also felt that by heavy cutting down of the number of least desirable immigrants opportunities for the more desirable would be greatly increased by the elimination of competition, and that immigration from those countries which have heretofore furnished the most desirable class of immigrant would be stimulated. This also is exactly what has happened. As many desirable immigrants have come from these countries during the first six months of the present fiscal year as came in the whole twelve months of the past fiscal year. Some of them will exhaust their quotas long before the end of the year. The Commissioner-General feels, and rightly so, that his theory is proved. If there is a real demand for workers which cannot be supplied from the less desirable class of immigrants, the more desirable will respond.

Other immigration officials, such as inspectors, looked upon the law simply as one more exclusion clause which would add to the difficulties of the already complicated problem of administering the general law, and wondered why they ever went into Government service, anyhow. The welfare worker envisaged a broader field of activity in caring for the personal comfort of a greatly increased number of excluded immigrants and their families, while the shyster lawyer specializing in deportation cases dreamed of what he fondly believed to be a gold mine laid down at his feet.

But now the situation is assuming a somewhat different aspect. An era of prosperity, of unusual industrial activity, seems to be approaching, if indeed it is not already here. The unemployment crisis is over and forgotten and the United States has no more than its normal number of unemployed. Great organizations of employers are beginning to agitate for a change in the present restrictive clauses of the law. Bills are being introduced into Congress which have the backing of many of these organizations as well as the unconditional opposition of organized labor. There is every indication that a concerted and systematic drive will be made upon the next session of Congress to make some kind of a change in the present law.

Now, in the first place, this Quota Law is by no means overnight legislation, hastily drafted and hurriedly passed to meet a great National emergency. The scheme of limiting immigration to a percentage of the population of foreign nationals has been the subject of discussion by immigration authorities since the year 1907. It has long been realized that some kind of a brake would have to be put on the number of persons of other nationalities seeking homes in America if any sort of a balance between labor supply and labor demand was to be maintained and American communities everywhere saved from a large permanent population of involuntary unemployed. For years before the war it was recognized that immigrants were coming to this country much faster than they could be absorbed into industry. The immigrant will not go to the farm; he insists upon remaining in the larger cities. The war intervened, and, with the falling off in immigration and the increased industrial activity due to the war, there was a time when we suffered from a great shortage of labor. After the war, however, with the accompanying reduction in this same industrial activity, immigration started up again and was beginning to exceed all previous records.

The economic situation demanded that something be done, and that something immediately. For this reason the scheme which had been under discussion for so long was immediately made effective. It answered the purpose, it stopped the tremendous flow of immigrants, and now that the crisis is over it is only natural that attention should be turned to possible defects in the law and to the question of whether or not it will eventually be responsible for another kind of economic crisis.

Those responsible for the law have never advanced the idea that it would serve as permanent legislation—as a permanent Federal policy. It is simply a defense, long planned and hastily constructed in time of need. However, it is a defense which will not be easily pulled down by any particular group, no matter how powerful this group may be, unless it can offer some substitute which will in appearance at least be just as severely restrictive and which in addition will meet the criticisms of the present existing law.

What are these criticisms? As a matter of fact, there are only two which are worthy of any serious consideration. These are: (1) the law is not elastic; and (2) it is not selective. The criticism that it works an enormous hardship on large numbers of immigrants, who are excluded because the quota from their country or countries is already exhausted, falls to the ground with the statement that this is a problem of administration, rather than a defect in the law. Curiously

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enough, this problem of hardship can be solved with the same solution which can be applied to the problem of selection. It must also be remembered that the hardship involved to the excluded immigrant is not a problem confined to the Quota Law. It will be found in all of the exclusion clauses in the general law. The hardship is the same, no matter what the reason for exclusion may be. The general statement of the sentimentalists that America is a free country, that it has always been a haven for the oppressed and unhappy of other countries, offers nothing in the way of constructive criticism.

Neither will the cries of alleged distress from industrial organizations advocating a policy of a wide-open door make any very great impression on the mass of the American people. I think it can be assumed that public opinion generally is in sympathy with American labor on such questions as restricted vs. unlimited immigration—and it must be remembered that election day comes around with a frequency that is startling to those who are most interested in it. I dare say that a considerable majority of our Congressmen are dependent upon the votes of constituencies in districts containing no important industrial communities.

The lack of elasticity of the law is due to the fact that it does not provide any executive or group of executives with the discretionary authority to vary the quantity restriction to meet the changing economic needs of industrial America. The barrier has been erected, but the scheme which will lower or raise this barrier in accord with the labor situation is yet to be devised.

Any scheme to change the present law must be a scheme, not to destroy this barrier or any portion of it, but to take out of it this rigidity. Now that we are at last committed to a restrictive policy, the American people are too well pleased with it to permit Congress to return to the old policy of the wide-open door. If, however, legislation can be devised whereby the door could be open a little wider at times of great prosperity, accompanied as it always is with a great shortage of labor, and closed a little tighter when signs point to the approach of a period of depression with the accompanying increase in involuntary unemployment, it would stand some chance of serious consideration. I think such an effort would generally be commended by the mass of the voters. Such a scheme presents no insurmountable difficulties. It must be remembered that even the so-called Contract Labor Law, which is an exclusion clause in the present law forbidding the recruiting by corporations or others of workers in other countries, permits this recruiting if it can be proved to the absolute satisfaction of the Secretary of Labor that similar labor cannot possibly be obtained here.

The second serious criticism—that the law is not selective, that it does not deal in quality restrictions—is more elusive. It is very easy to say that we must have more discrimination in our regulation of immigration. It is all very well to talk about intelligently selecting those immigrants whom we think will keep us to our work and build up a fine type of people. It sounds just as well to say we must cease from attempting to deal with a human problem in a mechanical, arithmetical fashion.

But the great difficulty in devising a selective type of exclusion law is that the first contact which our immigration officials have with the immigrant is at a point anywhere from 3,000 to 5,000 miles from that immigrant's home. He has completed ninety-eight per cent of his journey. What kind of tests can be devised which will bring into force an efficient process of selection? How many American workers, intelligent as they might be, could go to Russia, knowing nothing of the language or customs and in the state of mental excitement which surrounds arrival in a strange country and the prospect of making a home many thousands of miles away from their own kind, and pass successfully any sort of psychological test? As a matter of fact, I know many highly successful and intelligent business men who might have difficulty with these so-called tests. Furthermore, to my mind, nothing could be more ineffectual, or even harmful, than the literacy test. The ability to read and write is not a proper test to apply to the average European immigrant. As a matter of fact, it has quite the opposite effect from that for which it was intended. Some of the very best stock which we get from Europe is made up of European peasants who cannot read or write, while the worst type of European radical can usually do both in two or three languages.

In my opinion, there is only one solution, and, curiously enough, it is automatically a solution to the problem of the hardship suffered by the rejected immigrant who, having sold all his belongings and come to America, must return to a life of intolerable poverty. This is inspection at the source. If it were possible to locate our immigration inspection offices, with their various kinds of inspectors, not at Ellis Island or some other port of debarkation, but at or near the source of supply of immigrants, the problems of administration, selection, and hardship would be solved.

Suppose, for example, the country is in need of farmers and it is decided to admit an unusually large number of farmers. How is the inspector at Ellis Island going to check up the statement of the immigrant that he is or is not a farmer? He will almost invariably say that he is not, but that he is "mechanic," or an "experienced worker" in some other line which will keep him in the larger city. There is little the inspector can do but take his word for it. However, if that inspector were located at or near the domicile of the prospective immigrant he could with very little difficulty check up his experience and accept or reject him in accordance with the conditions in the United States as they might exist at that time. Furthermore, he would be in position to pass intelligently upon the question of whether or not prospective immigrants might become desirable American citizens. He would have no difficulty in obtaining something of their past history.

The immigrant could then be accepted into the United States or rejected. In the case of acceptance, no further inspection would be necessary except medical inspection for disease which might have been contracted during the journey from the point at or near the inspection office in Europe to the United States. A system of exchange of information with a central bureau in Washington could be devised whereby the authorities would be constantly informed of the ratio of immigrants accepted from any given country to the quota for that country, thereby eliminating the arrival of large numbers of persons after the quota had been exhausted. Such a scheme solves, not only the problem of a proper selective system, but the problems involved in the administration of the Quota Law.

But, as I have said before, it does more than this: it solves the human problem of hardship. There is no particular hardship involved in being refused admittance to a country when the applicant has done nothing to reach that country prior to the acting upon his application by the authorities. He has sold no belongings, he has broken no home ties. The only hardship involved is the hardship due to not being permitted to proceed to a country where he thinks there are opportunities to better his condition of life. The hardships with which he is burdened have not been added to. His situation is simply unchanged. What is there in the way of the installation of this humane system which would make possible both quantity and quality restrictions without contributing to the hardship of the immigrant, and at the same time eliminate the economic problems of other countries due to the return of large numbers of their nationals without funds, without homes, and in a condition of indescribable distress?

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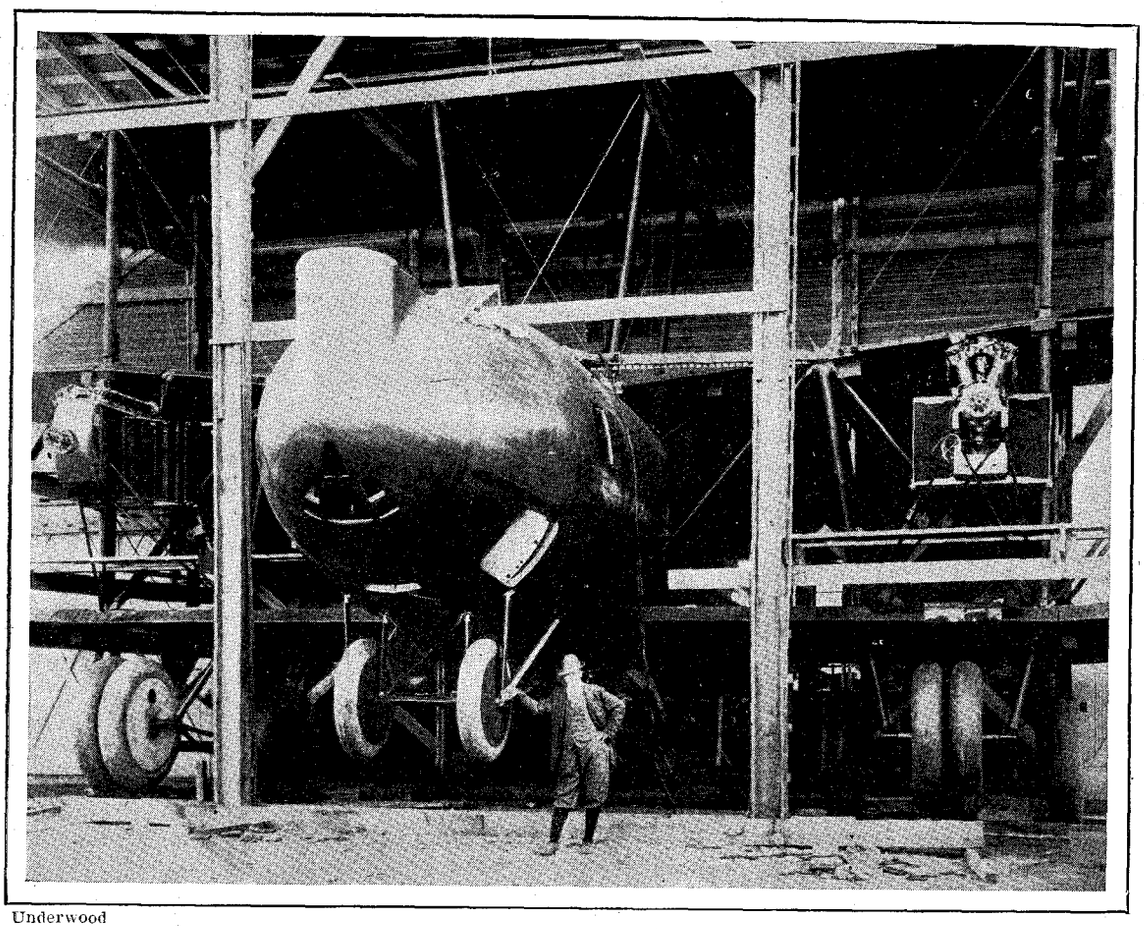
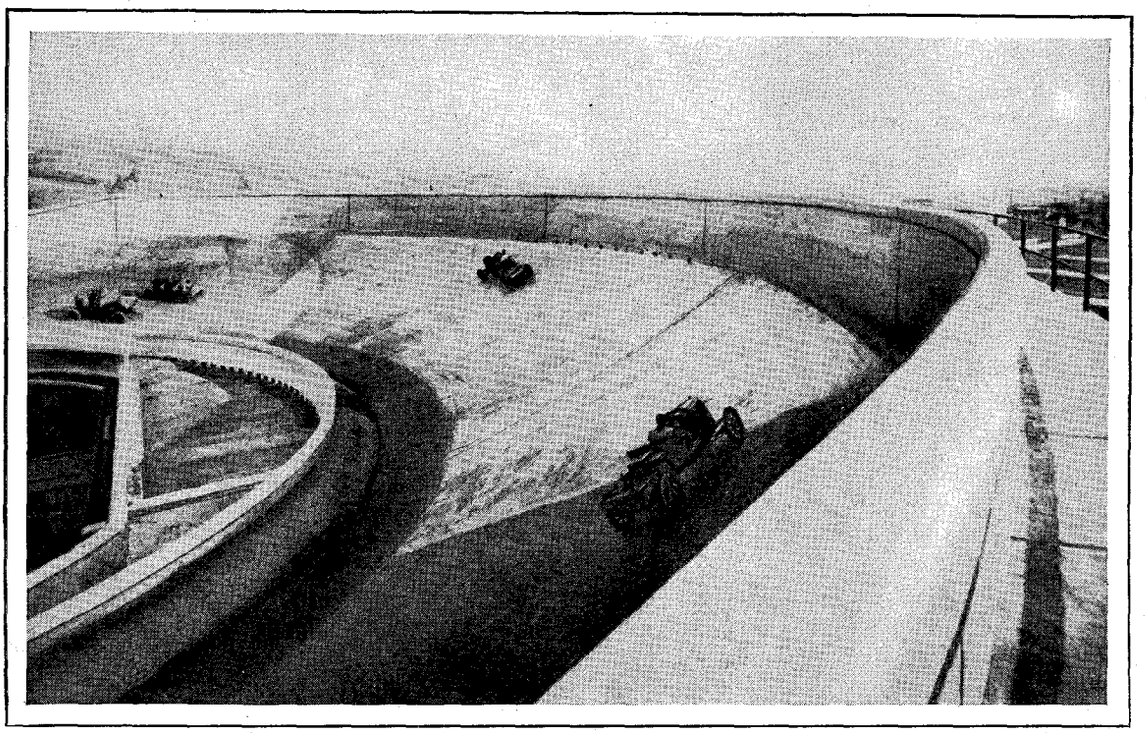
TRAVELING BY EARTH.



Underwood

A NEW WAR MACHINE—THE BARLING BOMBER, OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY AIR SERVICE—SAID TO BE THE LARGEST PLANE IN THE WORLD



International

AN AUTOMOBILE TRACK ON TOP OF A BUILDING AT TURIN, ITALY—A FEATURE OF THE GREAT FIAT WORKS, FOR TESTING ALL ITS CARS

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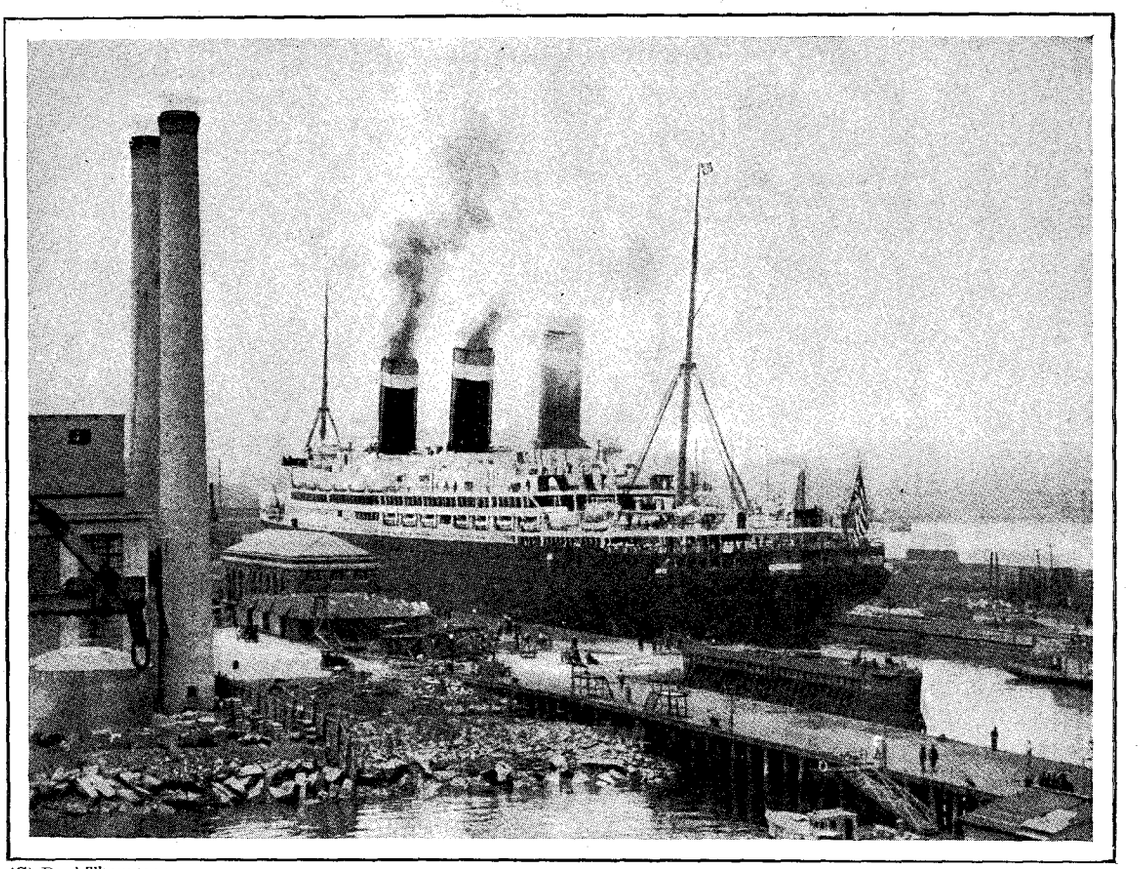
AIR, AND WATER



(C) Paul Thompson

THE RECONSTRUCTED U. S. STEAMSHIP LEVIATHAN STARTING FROM BOSTON ON HER TRIAL TRIP, WITH MANY NOTABLES ABOARD

International

A FIRE-FIGHTING LOCOMOTIVE ON THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD, EQUIPPED WITH APPARATUS FOR EXTINGUISHING FOREST FIRES

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IS FASCISM DEAD?

BY ERNEST POOLE

IN March I spent two weeks in Rome trying to get some real idea of the Fascista movement. Despite the autocratic and violent methods it has employed, I found it intensely interesting—one more new experiment among the many being tried in Europe in these critical days. But in the last year Mussolini has taken into his party such conflicting elements—great bankers, factory owners, and labor unions side by side; groups of peasant radicals and princes owning large estates; fiery young patriots and idealists of various brands—that it would be presumptuous indeed for a casual visitor like myself to try to sit down and explain them all or compare their strength in the present régime. Moreover, should he make the attempt, he would find it still harder to estimate the criticism and enmity which this dictator has roused in the land. For he rules by a rigid censorship that allows no critics to be heard. Therefore I shall not attempt any comprehensive analysis here of the Fascista power to-day, but instead shall simply tell what I heard from a few of the many Italians with whom I talked while I was in Rome.

International

MUSSOLINI (IN HIGH HAT) IN VENICE, ATTENDING A GONDOLA REGATTA HELD IN HIS HONOR

At first it was very confusing indeed; so different were the views I heard. And it was hard to pierce beneath the warmly emotional ideals and get down to the bed-rock of economic policies. At lunch one day I found myself beside the granddaughter of Garibaldi. She was an ardent Fascist, slaving for it day and night. "It's the old ideals of my grandfather and of Mazzini reborn!" she exclaimed. But that very night I talked with another woman who, while being a strong Fascist now, was still an enthusiastic follower of d'Annunzio. And, speaking of Fascismo, she said: "It's the Rome of two thousand years ago come back to life, and dreaming again of building up a tremendous power in the south, to control the whole Mediterranean, and even the Near East as well. There are no bounds to what it may do. There is something grand, heroic, here, not only in dreams, but actions. Tens of thousands of its young men are willing to risk their lives for it. And Mussolini is like that. In spite of the protests of his friends, he goes unguarded everywhere. Early every morning he goes for a ride on his horse alone. Why don't they kill him if they are against him?"

"Because they are afraid to," said a young Fascist, the next day, when I put to him this question. "The critics left in Italy are not worth even a thought," he went on. "Everybody is joining us now—in fact, too many, of too many kinds. We have nicknames for some of them. There are three degrees of Fascisti, we say—the real ones, who came in at the start and risked their lives for their beliefs; the cautious ones, who joined when it was safe; and the cowardly ones, who have now come in because they are afraid to stay out."

In this last class he put the Socialists, the members of trade unions, and various radical peasant groups. And, whatever may be said of their motives, the fact is clear that about three-fourths of all these radical elements are enrolled as Fascisti now, side by side with the financiers and great employers of the land. What a conglomerate party for any one man long to control! Mussolini has done it so far by ruling with an iron hand.

"How can you tell how Italy feels?" demanded one radical whom I met. "Here's a Government that came in by force, by raids all over Italy, by violence and bloodshed, and, finally, by marching eighty thousand strong on Rome. What it took by force it rules by force, by sheer heroics and bombast. Try to find one constructive job that it has done, and you'll look a long time. But nobody can criticise. For Mussolini has wholly abolished freedom of press or assembly, has Parliament right under his thumb. It is not safe to talk against him in a café to your best friend, for his spies are everywhere, and you see how Fascisti, most of them armed, keep going about the streets of Rome. It is so all over Italy. In every town and village the critics can only whisper. But if you could stay long enough, go all about and bend your ear, you would hear whispers, bitter whispers—and they are increasing every day!"

Just how strong is this opposition, and whether or not it is on the rise, only this next year can tell. But as to the statement that the Fascisti are doing no constructive work, I found evidence to the contrary. I landed in Naples early in March. A friend who had been there last September told me that I should find that city even more swarming with beggars than it had been in the past. But during my two days in the town, though I went about and looked for them, I missed the beggars; they were gone. Nor did I find them up in Rome. To learn how this had come about I went to a woman who for years has been active in social welfare work; and both her reply and her whole view of the Fascista movement was the most comprehensive that I heard from any of its partisans.

"Mussolini has abolished begging all over Italy," she said. "Not only has he forbidden it, but he is rapidly clearing up the whole unemployment situation, which plagued us so a year ago. In every city or little town where men are out of work he says to the Fascisti there, 'You must *make* work. It was not enough to seize the power of government. Now you must show what we can do to build up a new Italy. Get together at once and

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subscribe funds, start public works of many kinds, make sure that there are jobs for all.' All over the land these local groups have Committees of Hospitality now, who find work for the needy in their midst. If a stranger arrives, they offer him work. If he will not take it, he must move on; and he soon gets tired of moving on, for he finds such committees everywhere, and some of them are hot-tempered young men.

"This is force, you may say; but I answer that force is what our country needs. You should have seen it a year ago. All Italy was demoralized. We had come out of the chaos of war into a still worse confusion. With strikes and revolution, our industries and all our life were going down and down and down. The Government did nothing but talk. There was disorder, civil war. People crowded into trains and refused to pay to ride, while others broke into shops and robbed, and bandit bands roamed all about. Murder was a common tale. Armed groups of the various factions appeared. You saw the red shirts of the Communists, the blue shirts of the Nationalists, and the black of the Fascisti. All three were alike in their use of force, but the black shirts grew and won the day. They were joined by all people sick of disorder; all resolute patriots rose as one man, not only against the Communists, but against the politicians, too. 'Let's stop talking of rights,' they cried, 'and think about our duties now. Let's take this Government ourselves, and *make it work—for Italy.*' So eighty thousand marched on Rome, and they took the power and hold it now. But there is less and less need of force, for all the people are getting behind us. And this is so because they know that Mussolini is not just a talker, but a man who acts as well.

"He is already cutting out an immense amount of Government waste. The first day he took power he reached his office at eight o'clock and sent an order to all bureaus that there should be a roll-call at once of every Government clerk employed. Three-fourths had not yet reached their desks. 'Tell them,' he said, 'that there will be another roll-call to-morrow at eight, and that any one absent will be discharged by the new Italian Government.' So he began, and so he has kept on. In six months he has cut thousands of needless salaries off the lists. He found the whole judiciary full of waste and duplication. He put experts to work at once, with the result that two days ago he abolished over six hundred small courts no longer needed, useless relics from the past.

"The waste and inefficiency he found in Government offices has turned him steadily more and more against Government ownership and control. Already he has taken some of the smaller railways away from the Government and put them into private hands. He means to do the same with the rest. And he will go even further than that. To-morrow he travels to Milan to start an enormous project there, the building of a great motor road up around the Italian Lakes. It will provide work for tens of thousands, and so almost wholly do away with the unemployment in the north. But that is only half the tale. It is not to be built by the Government, but through private subscription by all those people interested in automobiles and motor traffic, forming a large company. And when it is completed the interest upon the bonds will be paid by tolls. It will be a toll road.

"This is his policy everywhere, to take power away from the Government and put it back into the hands of private companies, large or small, and so to give the able men with brains and initiative a chance to do the work we so sorely need. You may call this reactionary, but you will find that the scheme includes industrial democracy of a very genuine kind. For the new Government recommends that in each industry there shall be a triple organization—one union of all the labor force; a second, of the managing force, including technicians and engineers; and a third, of owners or stockholders, who control the business end. These three unions shall work together in a common council. Each shall have its province clearly defined. Labor shall have the right to control conditions of labor, but no more; and each workingman shall be paid, not by the hour or the day, but by the amount of work he does, so that the ambitious man may be encouraged to do his best. When the scheme is fully worked out, these industrial councils will elect their delegates to a national industrial body here in Rome, which in time will take its place by the side of our present Parliament; so that every one will vote, both as an Italian citizen for the political body and also as a worker for this industrial body, of which he will feel himself a part.

"A dream, you may say, but already hundreds and thousands of able men are working for it day and night, to make it a reality. Mussolini is organizing fast what he calls 'groups of efficiency'—bodies of experts, each in his line, to study the industrial and vital parts of our national life and recommend systems more fair and efficient, which will do away in time with the present friction and waste. Such men are being paid little or nothing, but they're under orders, and they obey; for remember that Mussolini, while being head of the Government, at the same time remains the chief of the Fascista party, too, and as such he controls the membership and demands devoted service. A friend of mine, well known for his work on agricultural reforms, an elderly man about sixty years old, received an order late last night to take the train at five this morning to some distant little town where he was needed to give advice. He went, of course, and so do they all. It is wonderful, the spirit they show. Every able and intelligent and honest man in Italy feels that at last his Government wants him and needs him, needs the best. And among all the university groups, the economists and engineers, you find an enthusiastic response. 'At last we have a chance to build Italy ourselves,' they cry.

"Call it aristocracy if you will, but it is a new aristocracy of the intelligence and patriotism and ability in our land. Shall the ignorant masses be allowed to ruin Italy? No, we say. We have already seen where that path leads, so we mean that intelligence shall control. We do not say that their right to vote will be taken away from the people. There will probably be elections soon. But the demagogues will not be allowed by lies and appeals to ignorant minds to pull down what we are building here. Already the masses in Italy are beginning to see for themselves the benefits of this new régime, and every month they rally by hundreds of thousands to our support. The Church is co-operating too; several millions of Catholics are devoted to our cause. And so it is wherever you turn. You find a feeling throughout the land that a great new era has begun.

"More and more the women are taking part. Thousands of women and young girls are already active Fascisti, doing all kinds of office work; and some are preparing, like myself, to join in groups of women to work for better housing and better schools in Italy. Though Mussolini came out at first against the plan for woman suffrage, he has consented to preside at the International Conference of Suffragists to be held in Rome. And most of our suffrage leaders are his strong supporters now. But just how far the woman movement will spread in our country I do not know. The average Italian woman has always been, and she still is, such a devoted mother that she has small time for outside work or for outside interests. Even among our wealthier classes large families are still the rule—six or seven children to every family in Italy.

"This rapid increase in population means that Italy must expand, and the Fascisti stand for that. When Mussolini came into power, our colony of Tripoli had long been in open revolt. He sent at once a strong force there, and, after some months of fighting, Tripoli is again a place where Italians can live and work in peace. We don't

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want other colonies; armed conquest is not in our minds. But we do propose to open the way for a peaceable penetration into the commerce of the Near East. By growth of population and by our position, too, we feel that we are destined to be the one great Mediterranean power. On this goal we have set our eyes, and nothing shall ever turn us back.

"It is for both these reasons—first, our need of commercial expansion; and, second, our wish for a peaceable growth and, in fact, for peace all over the world—that we are against the French in the Ruhr. We suspect that France is planning to be, with her enormous army, the one great Power dominating this entire continent. To that we are all intensely opposed. Mankind has had enough of that. The Germans were beaten. Now let them alone and give them a chance to do their part in the rebuilding of world trade. Our own trade was mainly with Germany. Before the war we sold them our fruits and wines, and in return received their machines. We need them now. And we need world peace in order to get from America and other lands the capital we require to develop the great hydraulic plans which we are making, in these days, to use the waters of the Alps in place of the coal which Italy lacks.

"So, I say, we stand for peace. We are not planning conquest. Before the war our young men had to serve twenty-six months in the army; now they serve for only eighteen. And, though our young Fascisti have been enrolled in a national guard, ready to fight if need be to protect our rights abroad, they were not organized for that, but rather to keep the peace at home and to be used, not only in Rome but in every town and village from Sicily up to Milan, in case of any emergency—from a volcanic eruption to some little fire in a peasant's hut or barn. And in addition to these young men, boys by tens of thousands are being everywhere enrolled in a Junior Fascista movement, getting ready to do their share—drilling and becoming strong, running errands and doing odd jobs—in the work of building a new land for themselves and for their children."

This was the most forcible partisan exposition I heard of the Fascista plans and dreams. I heard them bitterly assailed, and I talked with men who smiled at it all. Time alone can tell how much can be forged into realities. But the dream itself is interesting; and the entire movement, despite its violent methods, has the fresh appeal of youth.

THE AMERICAN AMATEUR GOLF TEAM IN BRITAIN

BY ROBERT A. GARDNER

CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM

AFTER the team representing the United States Golf Association won the initial victory last August, in competition with the team sent over by Great Britain, and obtained possession of the Walker International Cup, it became the part of the defeated nation to again send a challenging team to play the holders of the cup in their home country.

Therefore when the Executive Committee of the United States Golf Association decided to send a team abroad to compete for the cup, instead of waiting for Great Britain to again bring a challenging team over here, as called for in the original conditions for play, it sounded the keynote of international golfing courtesy, which was appreciated thoroughly by the British golfers, who referred to it again and again in their papers and speeches. They realized that it was a sporting thing to do, as very early it was certain that some of our most prominent players could not accompany the team, and to risk defeat on British courses without all of our best players was surely playing the game for the game's sake.

Golf has brought a new factor into our international relations with England. Great Britain has had her cricket for centuries as a national game peculiarly indigenous to English soil. America has had her baseball—not for centuries perhaps, but long enough to make it her national game. There was no chance for exchange in these sports, and, while we had international polo and yachting, these were sports for the very few and made for international rivalry rather than companionship in a game dear to the hearts of multitudes in both countries. Lawn tennis had started a healthy relationship, through the Davis Cup, but there were other nations competing, and the game did not belong to Great Britain and America alone. In addition, tennis, while it has been popular, has never been a sport of the people, played by the people and made for the people. Golf started centuries ago in Scotland, but for some unknown reason did not make its entry into England until about forty years ago, not much earlier than it started over here, so that England and the United States adopted this Scottish child at about the same time.

The United States Golf Association decided to send a team abroad for several reasons; certainly one was that it wished to establish the cup competition on a firm foundation, and it was realized that under present circumstances Britain probably could not send a team for several years; but the main and guiding reason was the desire of the United States Golf Association to bring the golf and golfers of the two countries into closer relationship, and through them the two countries themselves.

Leaving New York on April 17, the team landed at Southampton, where they found many old friends to welcome them, including Cyril Tolley, a really international golfing figure after his two trips over to American championships and his holding the fort against the American invader in 1920; Harris, the captain of the British team; A. C. M. Croome, an authority on all forms of sport and a fountain of amazing and amusing stories; and several other members of the Oxford-Cambridge Golfing Society, whose guests the team were to be at Rye over the following week-end.

The first three days found the Americans warming up and losing their sea legs at Walton Heath, Sunningdale, and Woking. At all of these clubs, which are close to London and of a type familiar to American eyes, the team was made to feel very much at home and given every entertainment as guests of the clubs. In addition to that, there were special automobiles to take them to and from the courses, which made the trips very pleasant indeed.

The first official match found the Americans at Rye as the guests of the Oxford-Cambridge Golfing Society, a society which contains a good deal of golfing talent, including Roger Wethered, their present champion; Holderness, champion in 1922; Tolley, before mentioned, and considered by many the best of British golfers; Bernard Darwin, a good golfer and the best of writers about golf and golfers; and others of like ability. The Society cherishes vivid remembrances of its visit to America in 1903, and could not do enough for the team. In deference to the American habit of four-ball matches, the match was played with four balls in the morning and straight (two-ball) foursomes in the afternoon. Of course the Britishers won the American kind and the Americans the British type; so much for predilection. The match itself was very happily halved, and a banquet followed at the Dormy House, with

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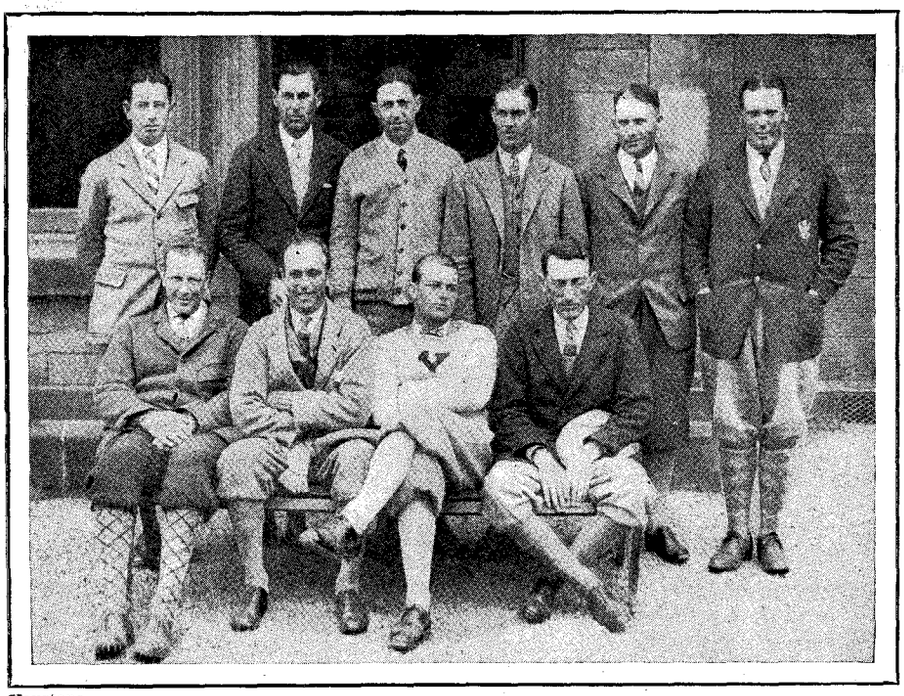

Keystone

THE AMERICAN GOLF PLAYERS AT ST. ANDREWS

Members of the team: Robert A. Gardner, Captain, of Chicago; S. Davidson Herron, of Chicago; Harrison R. Johnson, of St. Paul; Max R. Marston, of Philadelphia; John F. Neville, of San Francisco; Frances Ouimet, of Boston; George V. Rotan, of Texas; Jesse Sweetser, of New York; Dr. O. P. Willing, of Portland, Oregon; Fred. J. Wright, Jr., of Los Angeles

everybody satisfied. At this time they elected Mr. J. F. Byers, President of the United States Golf Association, who accompanied the team, an honorary member of the Society—an act of extreme courtesy.

The next move was to the Royal St. George's Golf Club, at Sandwich, where Francis Ouimet and Dr. Willing tied for the St. George's vase four strokes ahead of the nearest Englishman. This was a facer for the home players, but everybody was unstinted in praise of the Americans' play and no word was heard derogatory to their win. Of course the papers said it was humiliating and called on Great Britain to stand by, but there was nothing unsportsmanlike in that—in fact, it was most natural.

At Deal in the championship itself America had a dangerous challenge in Ouimet again, but this time Roger Wethered stepped into the breach and stopped all talk of an American champion then and there. Again the players and writers alike gave the American players all praise that was due, and if there was a sigh of relief when Ouimet was finally subdued, it certainly was one of natural relief.

The next adventure was against the Moles Golfing Society—there are many golfing societies in Great Britain—another society with great golfing talent, including Captain Harris, Tolley, T. A. Torrance, Colin Aylmer (a member of last year's international team), W. A. Murray, with whom Dr. Willing battled at St. Andrews to such [illegible]t, and several others. It was [illegible]ndly match and was finally [illegible] by the American team, which played its full strength for the first time. Afterwards the teams were entertained very sumptuously at dinner at the Savoy Hotel in London. This was the second appearance of the Americans there, as on the previous night the American Society had done the team the honor of giving them a dinner at the same place. Throughout the trip the American Society did everything in their power to make the team enjoy themselves, and Dr. Roberts, the president of the Society, has made that body a prominent factor in London affairs.

Monday was a day to be remembered. There was a meeting with the Prince of Wales at St. James's Palace, at his invitation. The Pilgrims entertained the team at luncheon, with Earl Balfour as the principal speaker. Mr. H. H. Spencer invited the team to the House of Commons for dinner, where they met Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Sir John Simon, and others high up in British public life.

If anything more were needed, the presence of these men at the various entertainments for the team supplied the lasting confirmation of the attitude of the leaders in Great Britain toward the United States. Surely Lord Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Asquith did not come to see ten young Americans as such; they came because they wished to show their attitude to America itself, and to meet the United States Golf Association half-way in its mission.

At St. Andrews the Americans were the guests of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club during their stay, and were given every privilege on the famous links. The Scotch are conservative and the Royal and Ancient typifies this characteristic, but all doors were open to the members of the American team, and the climax came at a dinner given by the Club on the evening following the team match, when many expressions of good will were offered.

An amusing incident illustrates the conservatism of the Royal and Ancient. It must be remembered that golf is old at St. Andrews and for centuries every one has rolled the ball through a hollow in front of the eighteenth green up on to the green itself, which is on a shelf cut into the slight hill. One of the American players made a good drive, and with fine disregard for accepted methods pitched his ball with a niblick straight on to the green, where the ball took one bounce and landed in the hole for a two. As he was walking in one of the older members congratulated him. "I think that is a record," he said, "making that hole in two, but you didna do it in an orthodox way."

The result of the International match was very gratifying to the team, as America had seemed hopelessly beaten at the luncheon hour, but the finishes of the Americans were not to be denied and they won a close match by 1 point. The Britishers were sportsmen in their congratulations after they had lost a match which seemed already won, and if the American team were as good winners as their opponents were good losers, it was much to their credit.

The standard of British golf is returning to its former excellent normalcy, which was quite properly lost during the war and for the years afterwards, when British youth was recovering from its effects. There were many players this year who were quite unknown three years ago, at least outside of their own country, who show signs of great ability and who will make any international match a neck-and-neck finish, no matter who is on the American side. Roger Wethered played beautiful golf to win his title, his play in the finals being of a standard far above what is ordinarily shown after five days of strenuous competition. Robert Harris, captain of the British team and the runner-up to Wethered, played very consistent golf in the final with his two 77s—good enough to win most similar matches—but was hopelessly in the rear from the very start. If there is a criticism of Wethered's play, it would be for his lack of direction from the tee—a trait which puts him at a hopeless disadvantage on our more closely trapped courses. If he conquers that defect, look out for him—and look out for him, anyway.

The weather was very cold all through the stay in the British Isles; the hills north of St. Andrews were

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covered with snow and the wind whistled down from there in a way to chill the Americans, who were more used to sweltering at their golf than to freezing. The much-heralded winds which make the seaside links so difficult lived up to their reputation on many occasions and played havoc with any but a perfect shot. As examples of its trials, the first hole at St. Andrews, ordinarily an innocent affair of 365 yards which could be reached with a drive and a short mashie, became an extraordinary affair requiring a perfect drive and a perfect brassie to reach the green and escape the famous "Swilcan Burn." The eleventh hole, the famous Eden hole of 165 yards, changed from a jigger shot under ordinary conditions to a terrifying brassie shot into the teeth of the gale. One evening at Deal, when a particularly heavy wind was blowing, some of the Americans were playing a friendly round after the day's matches; on the eleventh tee the wind freshened while two players drove perfect drives into its teeth. Both balls barely carried a bunker at what seemed a surprisingly short distance away, and upon measurement they were found to have gone 140 and 142 yards, respectively! The British players are not immune to the effects of such winds, and, while practice under such conditions gives a certain confidence, the effects are the same for them as for the Americans.

The seaside courses depend for their testing qualities upon the wind and the uneven ground through the fairways and near the greens more than upon the artificial bunkering so common to our courses. At St. Andrews, for instance, a player may find himself on the down slope of a slight undulation, or with the ball above or below his feet, so that sometimes he may play half a round without a chance to use his brassie or even a straight-faced iron. In the same way his ball may hit the side of a slope and end many yards from its original destination. This adds tremendously to the fortunes and misfortunes of the game, and, while American critics may decry the element of luck brought into the play, it vastly increases the uncertainty, and hence the charm of the game. This is the same point of view that stands stanchly by the stymie, and may explain why that feature is more popular in Great Britain than in this country. The game of golf was born and nourished under travail of crooked bounces and uphill stances; its conditions were not those of billiards or baseball or cricket, but fortune and misfortune come to the good players and the bad, ruining perfect shots and perfecting ruinous shots. Who can say that this is not the charm of the game?

The game of golf has filled a place long vacant in each country—a sport which could be played by all, with no premium on particular proficiency. It is a uniting bond between these countries of the same language, and the Walker International Cup perhaps will be an opening wedge which will lead to other associations in pleasure, professions, and business until finally the tie will be one not easily strained.

IS THE SOCIAL WORKER RELIGIOUS?

BY JULIA HOUSTON RAILEY

THE most "religious" gathering I have attended was a certain Conference for Education in the South, ten or more years ago, presided over by the late Walter H. Page. One reading press notices might have dubbed it a session in squalid realism. The programmes, chiefly concerned with the rural problem, were full of lectures on hookworm eradication, tomato canning, soil pollution, illiteracy, and malnutrition.

The gathering was made up of rural school teachers, county health officers, Government and Rockefeller Foundation agents, a few visiting nurses, charities and juvenile court officials, a sprinkling of country doctors and "parsons," and some distinguished educators and National officials. The rural school teachers, however, formed a large majority of the delegates.

It seemed a prosaic enough crowd of people, strange to one another, but into that heterodox assemblage there swept a great breath of inspiration that fanned the sessions to a white heat. Under the influence of it quite humble people stood up in the audience and spoke notably, in words that struck fire from the others. One Rockefeller Foundation doctor told of administering hookworm treatment in the backwoods and of how the "poor whites" trooped in straggling processions, even from the hills beyond, to be healed. The Chairman commented, "Like Galilee." One teacher, lacking district funds to build a schoolhouse, had gone into the timber with her crew of husky youngsters, and emerged with logs!

At the end of the meetings Mr. Page quietly summed them up. Here, he declared, was a miracle: for three days six hundred people had thought, felt, and spoken as one, vibrating to one passion, welded into a working unit by one idea—the service of man. If humanity, he added, regarding the world as its backwoods, ever attained the spirit and solidarity of this Conference, then indeed would the old dream of the kingdom of heaven on earth be at hand.

And with that benediction the congregation, sober with purpose, dispersed, having recited no creeds, sung no hymns, and heard no doctrines; and, furthermore, having been in no wise concerned with the salvation of its private soul. One could not help wondering whether the Founder of Christianity would not have felt vastly more at home in that sordid conference than in the sounding, sun-shot gloom of great churches—the recipient of personal worship.

Indeed, the social worker, in so far as one can thus rashly make a generic individual out of a diverse-minded sect, or can presume by virtue of membership in that sect to turn State's evidence on a whole profession, is inwardly of that persuasion regarding Christ. Christ is seen as a social worker in Gospel and attitude, wrongly claimed as exclusive leader by successive groups of theologians and devotees less concerned with their Master's philosophy than with him.

"Are such *Christians* really religous?" the social worker would probably inquire, turning the tables.

The whole matter of course hinges upon the interpretation of the word religious. And it is apparently for a generation not yet born to say, long after the present revolt against ecclesiastical tradition is passed, what *is* religious.

Meantime it may be in order to attempt to say what is, or is not, the faith of this newest of professions. It is a profession that serves, specifically, as the middleman of science, enlisting the labors and applying the findings of medicine, psychology, pedagogy, and allied departments of knowledge to the practical problems of pauperism, delinquency, defectiveness—in particular, feeble-mindedness—and other human ills, daily encountered.

It had better be said at once that if one be of the mental type which lays it down as axiomatic that nothing scientific can ever be religious, or *vice versa*, then the case in behalf of the social worker's immortal soul is lost before it is opened. For modern social service regards itself as an experimental science. There is a gulf, for instance, as wide as that b
the words "scientific" and "s
tal" separating the old
school of charity, almsgivin

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lence for the good of the giver's soul, aimed at convenient poor, "always with us," from what is technically known as C. O. S. (Charity Organization Society) work, aimed at the elimination of pauperism, family rehabilitation, and ultimate race betterment.

All of which may sound rather chilly and mechanistic, pardonably repellent to an exponent of brotherly love, overflowing with the milk of human kindness. There is an understandable recoil on the part of the uninitiated and emotional philanthropist—a recoil which doubtless gave rise to the legend of the desiccated, soulless social investigator, trampling upon the reticences of her shrinking subjects as she dispenses

> Organized charity, all scrimped and iced
> In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ.

But her "charity patients" can tell a different story of overwork, patience under strain, affection, and human understanding on her part. For a worker must be made of sensitive stuff in order to deal delicately enough with that feeble spark of self-respect and desire for freedom from any one's charity (the term is avoided when possible) which it is her inculcated business to kindle and keep alive in the natures of every man, woman, and child under her care. She must be an artist in character, for her days are tragedies or tragi-comedies of human nature, topped off with irony. Suicide, crime, disease; birth, love, death; sin and suffering; hoboes, street women, fakirs, rich black sheep, babies, convicts—her record files would provide short-story plots for a dozen O. Henrys. And these rejects, misfits, and strays out of purgatory, *les misérables* who wander the earth, lie heavy on her soul. For she cannot help but love them, or she is a contradiction in terms.

Discouragement swamps the social worker, who feels herself one small broom trying to sweep back the tide of a world's misery. But some evolutionary force, striving upward through her toward a better type of human creature, seems to push her blindly on. Protesting, in the form of "nerves," and a breakdown now and then, she yet drives doggedly ahead.

An idealized picture, it will be said, to fit a generalized topic. But consider this commonplace fact: No one is obliged to be a social worker in these days of dropped bars. It is the most wearing, engulfing, nerve-destroying of vocations. Even school-teachers, admittedly an overworked class, have mostly to do with the normal and cheerful; even nurses, continually at sick-beds, have no responsibility for the private lives and morals of their patients. Nor have doctors, though the best of them assume a little. Moreover, there is not enough money in the work to pay any one who dislikes it for sticking out one day of it. Some powerful pull, then, like the "calling" of a minister, must attract and hold a person to such a job. In the midst of it few stop to analyze their motives and ask themselves why; seemingly, they cannot let go and quit when they are tired. There is not only the pull, but the push, of that driving force, making ruthlessly, whether or no, for *the better thing*. At least, that is the somewhat battered sensation.

I have known the work mostly in the pioneer field of a newer State, lacking institutions and agencies, backward socially, though of great potential wealth, and building its system of charities and correction from the soil up. In that place a few Quixotes rode at windmills daily in backwoods and comfortable, indifferent towns and shouting Legislatures. The need for courage, for faith which was "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," was sharp and never wanting. For example, the idea that a bill which was as right and acutely needed as one devised to abolish a wretched, penal boys' reformatory and substitute a good farm-industrial school—the idea that that bill could under any circumstances fail to pass never once impinged upon the consciousness of its backers. It was right. Therefore it was going to be! And six years later it was—a $300,000 plant on a 320-acre farm, a work of faith.

Again, objection may be made by doubters that pioneers are by nature and condition inclined to be religious, but all social workers are not pioneers and that no such spirit appears to exist in sedate, older communities where funds and facilities abound and an instructed public meekly comes to meetings to hear urbane, prosperous-looking ladies and gentlemen expound the principles of progress. But what struggle may lie behind that arrival cannot be known from a seat in the audience. Every success was once a pioneering hazard, and, for that matter, so is every new department or project of a going concern. Drama and picturesqueness are lacking, the groundwork may be of identical rigor.

Are we to see social workers, then, as forming a cohesive, inspired army of the faithful, or, to change the figure, a sort of sublimated perpetual conference like the one described? Are they to be envisaged as people immensely—and insufferably—sure of themselves and of their goal, though doubting whether the religious fraternity is similarly assured? By no means. Denial cannot be too hasty and emphatic. If such an impression has been generated, it must be laid to the bumptiousness of one on the witness-stand before a jury dimly suspected of being skeptical.

On the contrary, we may safely assert that the bewildered uncertainty which most people seem to feel to-day about religion and its orthodox embodiment, the Church, is felt more acutely still by social workers. To be sure, they have a conviction, sometimes unconscious, sometimes articulate, that evolution, or God, or the motive force of this planet— whatever it may be termed—is working through them and their kind in applied science for the betterment of the race. More, they believe that Christ, the most far-sighted of prophets, the greatest of human guide-posts to the unknown God, has set his moral seal upon their labors. But how to translate all this, without assistance from the ecclesiastical authorities whose business it is to bestow it, into a sustaining gospel to lift one above the muck of every day and keep courage at par; a gospel, moreover—and this is the crux of the difficulty—which one can pass on to one's needful dependents?—*that is the question.*

Every social worker must have had the experience of seeing some minister of the old school, perhaps some fine old doctrinaire with the fire of Wesley in him, whose entire theological concept, with its mixture of Greek metaphysics, mediæval logic, Puritanic practice, Christian mythology, repelled modernists, but whose faith moved mountains of stodginess in his pews, go into a home of wretchedness and come out again, leaving behind him faces that shone with a hope which the worker had striven in vain to put there. Suffering makes individualists of poor people—of most people. They want a creed of comfort and personal redemption by divine agency. Nothing else. How preach a modern crusader's religion of selflessness in the common weal to the humble and single of mind and distressed in their narrowed need? So far as love and the fighting hope of a family's regeneration can take social workers into the inner natures of their "patients" they go. But what further to give people whose minds vibrate to simpler chords is a problem unsolved. This side of the "new theology" it will probably remain so.

And what are the features of that new theology as seen by social service? What are the lineaments, first, of the new church that shall incorporate and express it? There we come, at the last, to the social workers' own private, spiritual need for backing.

It is *not* hoped that the Church will ever professionally engage in charities and correction, or the practice of medicine and psychology, or sociological research, or that it will institutionalize itself, duplicating existing

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and perhaps more appropriate agencies. It *is* hoped that in ministerial root and congregational branch the Church will so inform itself of the subject-matter and method of all these that in its societies no Lady Bountiful will again quench the spark of self-respect in a tottering family with a sentimental gush of "charity" that spells "pauperization;" that no minister will again stand in his pulpit and denounce evolution in the vocabulary of the persecutors of Galileo; that no communicant, be he business man, scientist, irreverent youngster, or collegian, will be able to rise from a discourse full of the dogma, doctrine, and cosmology of the Middle Ages with the simple mental comment, "Bunk!"

It is further hoped that social workers shall not be obliged to battle in Legislatures for bills that are planks in Christ's social platform, without the aid or even cognizance of organized religion; that when a moral movement needs mass force behind it —not the help of enlightened, individual clergymen or societies, but an organized body of support—it may at all times obtain that support in a fearless, efficient form from its logical source, the Church. It is hoped that on Sundays tired professional people may, after a hard week, sink into pews in an atmosphere of congenial understanding and hear a sermon which pries them up from where they sit and marches them back to the front, tingling for battle.

Is this too much to ask?

Because there is more. It is hoped that there will some day be, in every town, everywhere, a "new" theologian whose facts cannot affront the keenest and most specialized mind, and whose faith, like Christ's, his mentor, sums up that of our fathers and that of generations to come in a wonderful synthesis of what is eternally true for every age—the struggle upward to God.

THE PHILOSOPHER

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

SOLEMNLY, solemnly, stare into space,
Ancient, pondering infant face.
While the hurrying crowd goes chattering by
Under your grave philosopher's eye.

You make me think of a mandarin,
Troubled with thoughts of God and sin,
In yellow silks in his stately chair
With folded hands and other-world air.

The mandarin has lived and seen;
For him is brown what once was green.
But for you, who have not learnt to grieve,
Spring is as spring in the nostrils of Eve.

What are you thinking, what are you seeing,
Mute and unblinking, astute young being?
You make me think of a Buddha musing
Of love and life; and stillness choosing.

But Buddha has lived and Buddha has loved
And walked with splendor, silken-gloved;
But the only courts your feet have trod
Are the azure halls of the palace of God.

What do you know, mysterious brow?
Do you remember? Do you foresee?
What searching sanity have you now
That our blundering hands will not let be?

What rainbow glories, crystal-bright,
Fill all your thoughts with shimmering light?
What wonders your hands can almost reach
That will fade at the first approach of speech?

Run, light feet, through the magic lands!
Capture your rainbows, infant hands!
If you bring us but one bright feather of flame,
There will be singing because you came.

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FROM CONGRESS TO CABINET

EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS OF PUBLIC LIFE IN WASHINGTON

BY WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

CHAPTER VI—THE MEANNESSES OF UNCLE SAM

A SESSION draws to its close, and it is time for the majority leader to render to the public the customary account of the stewardship of his party. We know rather well what he will say as he rises and addresses the Speaker. The details, indeed, are new, but the speech is old. He will criticise the estimates submitted by the departments. He will show how they have been reduced by the Budget Bureau, and will indicate, if he can, how much less has been appropriated than the Budget suggested. He will discreetly pass over that which Congress has added to Budget allowances and will close by telling the great savings that have been made. There is always an alleged saving over something or somebody, whatever the expenditure may be.

One thing, however, he will omit—he will not tell of things that have been left undone. There will be no word said about work that is incomplete or stopped. There will be silence concerning small pay for great service; nor will there be confession of any financial fault. All will be impeccable, safe, and sound. But if those were there who knew as neither Budget Bureau nor Congress know—ah, then the speaker's poise might be disturbed, his confidence be less serene and his rhetoric less fluent.

Far away in Bering Sea lie the Pribilof Islands, where the National seal and fox herds are. The native Indian people of the islands are wards of the Government. There our country maintains a paternal despotism, for everything belongs to the Government—land and buildings, church, schoolhouse, dwellings, and store. The teacher, doctor, and storekeeper are Government officials, and the Government is the only employer. One may enter or leave the islands only with Government consent, and Government vessels provide the only available means of transportation. Food, fuel, and all needs of civilization are supplied from official sources. The settlement and the herds—indeed, the archipelago in all its relations save the naval wireless—are under the care of the Bureau of Fisheries in the Department of Commerce.

The Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries made a trip to these islands in the early part of our administration to learn the facts concerning the housing and treatment of our wards, to study what should be done to protect the Government property, and to obtain the largest possible revenue from it. He found much that was deplorable, and returned full of interest in the welfare of the helpless people committed to the care of his service. In this spirit he asked the Sub-committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives for $20,000 with which to better the living conditions of the natives.

"Oh, h——l!" said the chairman, "they don't vote."

The incident illuminates certain political reactions, but must not be taken otherwise too seriously. Men are not always as callous as their speech indicates. Later much was done to help the natives, and the resumption of seal killing not only brought them needed employment but provided a considerable revenue to the Treasury.

The subject of Government expenditures is often discussed with more vigor than accuracy. The air at times is filled with charges of excessive spending, on the one hand, and, on the other, with sweeping claims of large economies. The preachers of extravagance have the louder voices, and on the whole get the greater public hearing. Even a Budget chief has joined, indeed has led, the popular chorus and in language more picturesque than elegant has proclaimed that willful men must cease their wicked wastes and that thrift must replace recklessless. All of which, so far as it goes, is well and perhaps necessary, and let us hope it will be fruitful of permanent good. But neither Budget advocates nor prophets of extravagance tell the whole truth. There is something more to be said.

And here it is just to note that the bureau chiefs upon whom such vivid anathemas have been poured forth in speech and print have had as yet no opportunity to speak for themselves. They could tell much, if they chose to do so, which would modify the statements—many of them very ignorant statements — that have been made about them. Some of them know well that for years their necessary work has been crippled for lack of means and that poverty rather than excess of funds has been their usual lot. It is high time the lid was lifted from the inner workings of some services, and that men who have done much with limited means should have a larger measure of public understanding.

One day the Chief of the Coast and Geodetic Survey told the Appropriation Sub-committee that some of the work was three to five years behind. The facts were that important data of many kinds had been collected at large expense by one portion of his service, but were lying unused, not available to the public who had paid for them. Why? Partly because men could not be had to do the work at the meager salaries the Survey was allowed to pay, and partly also because the number of workers was so limited by law that even if the force were complete it would still be too small for the task. Therefore valuable information obtained by the scientific staff for aiding the country's commerce was wasted, lying hidden in unused records, because a penurious policy limited alike the number and pay of the men who alone could make the facts available.

SHIPS LIE IDLE FOR LACK OF COAL

Let us look at another service. The seagoing Fisheries steamer Albatross "ran only two and a half months in the fiscal year 1916, and we presented the extraordinary spectacle of a vessel with a crew of eighty men lying idle at her dock for over nine months for the lack of money to buy coal to operate her. That has been the spectacle for two years." The words are mine to the Appropriations Committee on March 30, 1916. The Chairman asked why we did not discharge the crew. The importance of using the steamer did not seem to occur to him. We told him that the crew was a naval one, which we could not discharge. This recalls another phase of economy to which we may digress for a moment. The Albatross, as appears above, had a naval crew of eighty. We offered to run her with a civilian crew of forty on the same basis as other ships in the same service. But as the naval crew was provided under the general navy appropriations, and our proposed smaller crew would mean a new appropriation for us (which would show when the other would not), our request was refused, although we offered to run this ship and another smaller one at an annual saving of over $27,000. Indeed, the Chairman indicated that at the time, before the war, the Navy needed this Fisheries steamer for instruction purposes—lying at the dock

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The Government seal herds in Alaska are looked after by the Department of Commerce. Mr. Redfield describes how the resumption of seal killing during his term of office not only provided Alaskans with needed employment, but added considerable revenue to the Treasury

three-quarters of the time for two years.

To return to our theme, it is well to note that the Fisheries steamer Grampus lay idle at Gloucester, Massachusetts, from September, 1915, to March, 1916, for lack of funds. Her crew was temporarily transferred to work in fish hatcheries, for which these were appropriations. It should hardly be necessary to say that the work of the Albatross and the Grampus was urgently needed in connection with the food supply of the country.

STARVATION WAGES FOR CLERKS TO GOVERNMENT ATTACHÉS

Let us look at another class of work carried on in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. Our commercial attachés are important officers in great foreign capitals, located at our Embassies, in constant touch with our Ambassadors, with American business men of importance and with leading commercial men and organizations of the land in which they are stationed. These attachés were employed under a "lump sum" appropriation, and their salaries could be adjusted to their work and to the economic conditions of the countries to which they were accredited. This was a sensible course, the wisdom of which is evident. But it would appear that the word "clerk" arouses deep uneasiness in the Congressional mind. Anyway, the clerks to commercial attachés were treated in opposite fashion from the attachés themselves. One clerk was allowed for each attaché, and the salary was fixed at $1,500 per annum, at the suggestion of the Department in 1913, based on pre-war conditions. Experience proved that none could be had for less than $1,500, regardless of the place where they served. Unfortunately for the clerks and for the service, places are not alike. Buenos Aires is on one scale of living, Cape Town perhaps on another, and Tokyo on a third. One thing is as certain as death and taxes: viz., that ten foreign centers, scattered over the world, vary greatly in their demands upon the purse. Several years' experience proved that the rigid requirement was a mistake and worked harm. Congress, however, refused to grant any discretion in the matter and continued two separate phases of law governing the two men in one office in foreign centers. It is not easy to describe the annoyance this inflexible provision caused the service. Often men could not be had or, when obtained, would not remain.

A peculiar case arose in China. There custom and good service demanded two clerks, one Chinese and one American. But the law said "one," and, necessary or not, we had to go without the other. This was true also of Russia and Japan. We were able to keep the one clerk in Petrograd only because his father provided a large part of his living expense. It is a matter of public record on January 24, 1918, that there was not a single attaché clerk in the entire service who had not reported "that he could not live any longer without an addition to his pay."

The rigid laws required various subterfuges in order to comply with them literally and yet get the work done. A sum was appropriated for certain work without permitting clerical help in Washington. Yet clerks were essential to make out many cards which were necessary for the operation. Since clerks could not be hired, the course had to be adopted of purchasing these cards from the girls who made them at so much per hundred cards, thus dealing with them as contractors instead of as employees. This was quite lawful, and solved the difficulty.

EGGS, 50 CENTS APIECE

Possibly the most annoying meanness, the most unjust and exasperating parsimony, was in connection with that part of traveling expenses which covered lodging, meals, and laundry. The legal limit for all these purposes was $5 actual outlay per day, which might be commuted to either $2.50, $3, $3.50 or $4 per day, "in lieu of subsistence," as it was said, according to the service and the time. The rule was unlike for different services and was changed at times. No question of railway or other fares was concerned, for these are handled through Government orders involving no use of currency. Conceding both the need and the difficulty of handling the problem carefully, it is nevertheless true that the rigid rules worked serious hardships to those least able to bear them. Some men would stay with friends, and profit even by the commuted rates. Officers with the higher salaries could perhaps afford to pay a share of their traveling expenses on Government account, as many did, including myself. But there were numerous cases at home and abroad where men on small salaries were compelled by the Government to travel for it in places where they could not possibly live on the allowance, only to have their salaries severely docked because they had exceeded it.

It became my hateful duty in the case of steamboat inspectors and fur wardens in Alaska, who *had* to travel, to deduct at times a large part of their modest salaries on this account. I secured the bills of fare of the restaurants where those men had to eat in such places as Fairbanks, St. Michaels, and Nome, and took them, with the pay vouchers of the men, before the

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Congressional Committee. The bills of fare showed such rates as $1 for two eggs, 75 cents for a beef sandwich, 25 cents for a cup of coffee, 75 cents for cornbeef hash, and, if a man wanted a couple of mutton chops, those were $1.50. It was shown that in one case $58.91 had to be deducted from a salary of $118; in another case, $70.32 from a salary of $167. One of our foreign agents had personally to pay $182.58 in five months for unavoidable excess over the $5 limit, and another had to pay $101 out of his own pocket for the same reason in three months.

I besought Congress to raise the allowance to $8 daily for Alaska or to allow the Secretary some discretion within limits under any stringent provisions they wished to make as to publicity. It was all in vain. Poor men, faithful public servants, had their pitiful salaries thus reduced and were without recourse. I asked the Committee to print the small bills of fare in the report of the hearing; they refused, but some of the figures were admitted. I told the Committee that the conditions were "absolutely beyond defense," and added:

"Mr. Chairman, your heart would bleed to see some of these poor fellows making $900 [a year] whom we send out and compel to spend $8 a day, and then out of their $75 [per month] take $50 because of this $5 a day limitation."

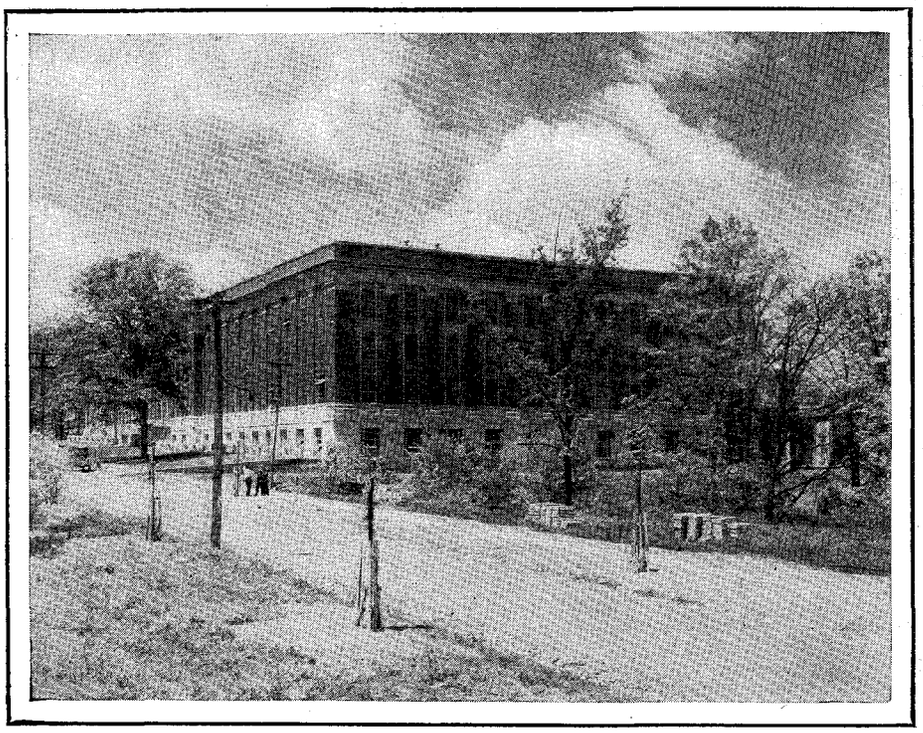
The Chairman's comment was: "They are not compelled to stay in the service."

I replied: "It may be law, but it is absolutely indefensible as law. We cannot excuse it."

This particular class of meanness stands out in my remembrance as unworthy of a great country.

TAXIS NOT ALLOWED

But this was not the sole instance of its kind, nor was such conduct confined to Congress. Treasury auditors could be quite as petty, but perhaps had themselves the sound excuse of working under rigid law. A department officer was sent in midwinter to Florida, and of course took both light and heavy clothing. This required two bags, and he was obliged to take a taxi to the station. On filing his expense voucher after his return, the taxi item was not allowed, but he was invited to tell what was in his bags. Observe, he must account for having *two*. He declined to give his wardrobe details, but said he used the taxi for two blocks. The item was then allowed. Two years later came notice that his taxi bill was finally disallowed, and he was asked to refund the $1.25 in question. My own secretary took a taxi in a storm while traveling on official business. It was passed, and she also two years later had a refund of $1.25 demanded of her.



Work of responsibility and supervision in such Government work as is carried on, for example, in this industrial laboratory in Washington requires the services of experts. But throughout all the executive departments "the best men, the men of initiative and enterprise, are constantly tempted to leave the fields of Government work for a field in which they are more free to act and in which their free action is better appreciated" and better rewarded

Life in Alaska marshes was all but unendurable because of the mosquitoes, and without protection from these pests surveying could not be done. The Coast Survey purchased mosquito netting to envelop the heads of the men in one of its working parties. The voucher for this was promptly rejected. An appeal was made, and disallowed on the ground that in Alaska mosquito netting was an ordinary article of clothing. Photographs showing the exceptional conditions did not avail. Curiously enough, we could, and did, supply rubber boots, so that feet could be protected by Uncle Sam, but not heads.

Any one who will take the trouble to look in the Sundry Civil Bill "fiscal year 1919" will find authorized "the reimbursement . . . of officers of the Coast and Geodetic Survey for food, clothing, medicines, and other supplies furnished for the temporary relief of distressed persons temporarily provided for by them, not to exceed a total of $550." Now let the reader recall that this covers twelve or more vessels operating in the Philippines, Alaska, and on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts. It is a munificent provision, is it not? It averages rather less than $50 per vessel per annum. It arose from the fact that one Coast Survey captain did rescue a shipwrecked party and provide them with food and clothing to the value of about $130. He was of course accountable personally for thus using public property. Thereafter he encountered some delay in getting this amount refunded, for there was then no appropriation for the purpose, and it was not altogether without personal financial risk that a captain obeyed the humane instinct. More than one hearing was required before the Committee inserted the above provision in the law.

LOW SALARIES DRIVE OUT GOOD MEN

If the bureau chiefs who have recently been ignorantly called "gay prodigals" and "gold diggers" could safely speak the truth from their experience, the tale would be a different one from that which is now heard. They would show waste from the cutting down of appropriations and losses by the reduction of estimates; they could tell how the services of valuable men were lost because of small salaries. They could show how hard it often is to keep public work moving for lack of sufficient means. They would tell of improvements of service and of reductions of cost they are not permitted to make. The Congressional definition of economy is the absence of spending. This would be amusing if the result were not often sad. On September 28, 1919, the Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations is quoted as saying: "In the last twenty years only two appropriation estimates offered by the executive de-

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partments were not cut down either in the House or Senate. A saving of $500,000,000 has resulted."

How did he know it was saving? To state as a principle that to cut estimates is to save money is absurd. I know more than one case in which such action meant loss.

SAVING MONEY AND KILLING MEN

Public statements about economy often have as a basis merely the difference between totals. Expenditures by one Congress of so many millions, by another Congress of so many fewer millions—result, a saving of the difference. Does any one seriously believe that the Congress or the party which spends a smaller total than another therefore saves so much? What has been left undone and what is the cost of neglecting it? Important work has been interrupted and done by installments at a greatly enhanced cost because an estimate was cut down. Repairs to vessels, buildings, wharves, and equipment have been stopped and costly depreciation has taken place because estimates were cut down.

Valuable apparatus has fallen into decay and been replaced at needless cost because estimates have been cut down. I know of one wreck near a lighthouse where lives were lost for lack of appropriation to keep a telephone in use, for neither the lighthouse nor the life-saving station close at hand had any means of communication. Government work is often carried on at unnecessary expense because estimates are cut down. Profitable operations have been brought to an end because estimates were cut down. Many vessels have been wrecked, many human lives have been lost, and much property has been destroyed because estimates have been cut down.

There is little, if any, appearance in Washington discussions of the principle that wise expenditure is economy or that the wisdom of outlay is to be determined by its productive results. It goes without saying that no nation, any more than a man, may long spend more than its income, and a budget for balancing revenue and expenditure is as admirable as necessary. Such a budget, however, may still fail of an economical result unless the fruitfulness of expenditure be considered. Much outlay, both public and private, should be reckoned as investment, and even some government services more than pay their way. A good deal of education is needed in Congress before appropriations will be judged by it with the insight that is common in the best-managed private concerns.

Bureau chiefs are human. When they find by years of experience that estimates carefully adjusted to their needs are ignorantly cut down, when they hear such words from a chairman as are quoted above, it is not strange if some are tempted to ask more than they need in order to get enough to do their work. They also are the anvil on which the public strikes. Few go to Congress to ask more funds for a service; many come to the service to ask more work, thoughtless of how the means are to be provided. These men, the chiefs of services, are the backbone of the executive work of our Government. They serve it sometimes for years on end for small compensation tempered by abuse, giving their lives, in reality, to their country. I have known them to refuse salaries double those the Government paid them in order to bring their work to what they thought a proper conclusion. Others have grown old in service, and have in their declining years only the compensation of a knowledge of work well done to reward them for years of toil.

AN AMERICAN DIES OF SHOCK AFTER STUPENDOUS HARDSHIPS ON A GOVERNMENT ERRAND

Two remarkable stories of heroism will be told next week by former Secretary Redfield. One deals with a thrilling rescue at sea by the captain of the Columbine, a Government tender. The other recites the terrific hardships encountered by Charles L. Preston, who was sent to Russia during the World War on a monumental quest for platinum. Both accounts are presented in unforgetable detail. They are examples of the heroic conduct of representatives of the Department of Commerce.

BEGGARLY PAY FOR EXPERTS

The great and thus far the abiding meanness of Uncle Sam is found in the small salaries paid to the supervising and executive staff that does his work. Clerical salaries and treatment compare favorably with commercial practice, but the higher posts are underpaid. The Assistant Secretary of Commerce at $5,000 a year was paid less than some of his subordinates. Yet in one negotiation he dealt successfully with Government property valued at over $20,000,000, and it was from his original suggestion that the whole vast system of war insurance grew.

Any comparison of the compensation of men in the higher ranks of the Government service with industrial, commercial, or professional rewards can result only unfavorably to the Government. A valued friend has just left a work he loved and which he created to become the head of a great educational institution to which he was called because of distinguished merit. The Government he served so well lets him go to its own hurt, because it has not had the wisdom to give him just compensation for his service. Another successful officer takes private work in his profession because the Nation he has served faithfully for many years offers him no hope of future reward and surrounds him with narrow restrictions that tie his hands. He handles thousands of men and millions in money for what the most selfish employer would think beggarly pay.

The best men, the men of initiative and enterprise, are constantly tempted to leave the fields of Government work for a field in which they are more free to act and in which their free action is better appreciated. In the respect of giving value for value to the leading men in its own service, our Government is little and not large, small and not great, penurious and not generous. It is a mean, and not a broad, spirit that abuses faithful servants and underpays them. The payment of meager salaries is in the end a costly process, and neglected work brings its full penalty in time with usury.

A NATIONAL REPROACH

By all means, let no dollar be spent that can be wisely saved. But there are areas off the New England coast over which no wire drag has passed, and much of our Pacific coastal waters are unsurveyed, taking their toll of human life and property. On January 27, 1919, I told the Appropriations Committee: "The unsurveyed condition of our Pacific coast is a National reproach. But forty-four per cent of the coast of Washington is surveyed, but fourteen per cent of the coast of Oregon, but twenty-seven per cent of the coast of California. . . . There is twenty years' continuous work for one surveying steamer on the coasts of California, Oregon, and Washington alone."

Alaska channels remain a slightly diminished peril, and the service that has them in charge is so housed in Washington as to make its operations both cumbersome and costly.

I have said that public expenditures are discussed with more vigor than accuracy, and as this is written there comes to hand a notable example. A financial journal presents in alleged humor the following statement:

"Monumental exception, once upon a time an official did spend less than he was allowed, and turned the balance back into the Treasury. Instead of plaudits he got ridicule and ignominy, and probably there wasn't a Congressman, at least of the then dominant party, who did not consider this official a Pharisee and a pest. Not that I mean to asperse long dead and buried

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Congresses. While it is true that the old-time Congressmen had nothing but contempt for a disbursing officer who couldn't get rid of the money he was authorized to spend, it must be set down as a fact that Congress was the sole check on unbridled extravagance."

It is true that an unexpended balance was thought rather to mean an excessive estimate than care in spending, but, with this qualification, not one statement above quoted is true. During seven years the Department of Commerce turned back unused into the Treasury the total sum of $2,244,606.51. This represented some phase of every service in the Department, including the Secretary's office, in every one of the seven years. There is no reason to doubt that other departments did likewise. So much for "unbridled extravagance" and for Congress being "the sole check" thereon. The following words from my own Annual Report for 1919 speak for themselves:

"There is a general impression that money appropriated means money spent. Yet here is a total of $2,244,606.51 which could have been expended for the purposes named, but was not. In business circles such action would be deemed commendable and would win confidence of financial authorities in the wisdom of the disbursing organization. The reverse is true, however, in the Government under the existing system."

Had there been any process whereby the money thus saved could have been used, by authority, for other urgent public purposes, the road would have been less thorny. Such a process exists in New York City, but not in Washington. The result is fiscal starvation in some places coincident with refunds in others. The attitude, not perhaps of Congress as a whole, but of its Appropriations Committee, was not wise in such things, but it was accuracy and wisdom combined as compared with the quoted statement of alleged facts.

Finally, no one can look over the volumes of the hearings before a subcommittee of the House Committee on Appropriations without seeing the impossible task the members had to perform. The hearings on one bill before one sub-committee covered 1,763 printed pages. The system, now happily modified somewhat by the Budget, was, and still is, an impossible one. To bring about true economy understanding must take the place of antagonism. Co-operation alone will remove duplication, provide co-ordination, and furnish the only sensible basis for the economical use of public funds.

The country grows, and the cost of operating its Government grows with it. The demands of the country upon its Government increase faster than the population. If these facts, of which every service has record, are taken fairly into account, there will be fewer adjectives and more sympathy and a better adjustment of our expenditures to the demands of our people.

BOOKS AND LIFE

Of all the contests for prizes offered by The Outlook that called "What Books Mean to Me" has brought out the largest response. Over 2,000 contesting letters have been received, and the judges consider them in the mass notable for quality, interest, and variety in the point of approach. If there were any question as to whether Americans read books worth while, read old books as well as new, and re-read books they like and look back to with pleasure, this contest would go far to prove the fact.—THE EDITORS.

FIRST PRIZE

THE AUTHORS TELL THE STORY

BY RALPH RICHMOND

WHAT do my books mean to me? I have wondered often, and yet I have never been able, with entire satisfaction, to answer myself.

Glancing up as I write, my eye wanders over open book-shelves that frame a fireplace of weathered field stone. Occupying so central and commanding a position in the room, these books of mine seem always to rule me and my mood; I am their willing captive.

What, indeed, do they hold for their bondsman? Suppose that I ask *them?* Perhaps one or two of them will help me to a conclusion.

"Well," said Conrad, first to speak, "we have taken soundings together in the deeps of men's motives and have gazed aloft at their courage." It seemed to be a fair enough reply, and I turned to a slender volume farther along on the same shelf. It was Keats, and he took somewhat longer to answer.

Finally, however, he spoke. "I [illegible]ven you much," he said, slowly, [illegible]st valuable of all, I think, I [illegible]you dreaming, 'asleep in lap old.'"

"You have tramped with me along the trail to Oregon"—it was Parkman talking—"and you have learned to revere the vanished spirit of the old West."

"I have tried to teach you tolerance; to create in you a wide sympathy for your fellow-travelers," declared Dickens. "And I to hate hypocrisy and sham"—from Swift. "Humility, I," said Defoe. "And I to instil a love and appreciation of beauty," asserted Ruskin. "With us you have soared to times and climes of sheer romance," spoke Scott and Stevenson.

"Before your eyes I have laid bare the noble structure of the mind; you have seen it in the becoming," Robinson told me. "Over my shoulder," murmured Jensen, "you have witnessed the most stupendous drama in the world unfold, eons before Gethsemane."

"When I cautioned you that 'the length of things is vanity; only their height is joy,' I furnished you with a yardstick by which to measure life, if only you will apply it," observed Santayana.

Others, then, of the miscellaneous company drawn up on my shelves would have spoken, for each one appeared eager to contribute something to this intellectual inventory. But one of their number, still unheard, I was specially anxious to call upon. He wears, standing in his niche, the same modest jacket in which, more than a century ago, he first surveyed a delighted world. When I put my question to him he replied, quietly:

"It is not, perhaps, very much that I have given, compared with those to whom you have been listening. All that I can claim is that you knew me long before you had become acquainted with any of the rest; we met, you will recall, in your early youth, and we formed then a fast comradeship. I remember that I beckoned to you and that you followed me all the way from the crooked lanes of old New Amsterdam to the enchanted corridors of the Alhambra. Many of those who have spoken are accounted greater than I, but it fell to me to refine your taste, and I cannot help thinking that they live—for you—because of me."

It is true. Washington Irving—for it was he who spoke last—remains for me a literary guardian. He has enabled me in my reading to relish the old and evaluate the new in literature; to pursue, in fine, what Emerson calls "creative reading."

After all, I am wondering if the meaning, the total significance, of my books hasn't eluded me again. Upon reflection, I doubt if I ever shall come nearer to a sincere answer than this: It is by losing myself completely in

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greater minds—minds immured in good books—that I begin to find myself.

SECOND PRIZE

BOOKS TO LOOK AT AND TO LIVE WITH

BY FRED L. PALMER

"THOSE books done in blue," said my host, "are translations of de Maupassant; and these up above are a complete set of Stevenson. Very fine sets. Up there by the bust—of Goethe, or Molière, I believe—are some French books. I don't read French myself, but the red backs make a pleasing effect against the panels. You see, when I had this house built I stipulated that there should be a real, old-fashioned library in it—for atmosphere, you know—a place where a man can take his guests after dinner for coffee and a smoke. Besides, I have all the books indexed and catalogued, so if any one wants a book to read just tell me its name and I can put my finger right on it."

"That's fine," I said. "You have a very effective room here, all right."

"I think so," replied my host.

When I arrived at my own library later that evening, I removed the clothes that were in my desk chair and sat down. Before me was spread the sheepish array of books which grace alone could call a library. There were red ones here, too—and blue ones—and yellow ones; but there were no magnificent sets, and I had no panels, nor any bust, nor a card index. What a motley crew! True enough, I had Stevenson some place—all of his letters, in fact; though where the devil—oh, yes, here they were—or rather Volume Three. Then there was a volume of de Maupassant somewhere; and there under the ash-tray was de Musset's "La Confession"—which had to go back to the library, by the way; and I could pick out the familiar bindings of "Hamlet," "Henry IV," Hawthorne's "Wonder Tales," Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," "Jurgen," "The Old Testament Narrative," "David Copperfield," Wilde's "De Profundis," Kenneth Grahame's "Wind in the Willows," Roget's "Thesaurus," and all sorts of others. After all, there was something to be said for my library. It had given me many pleasant hours. It had shown me all manner of people and places—from Sam Weller to King Lear—and from "The Mysterious Island" to Dante's "Inferno."

And the more I thought about it, the more familiar faces I saw. Blind Pew, Cyrano de Bergerac, Sidney Carton, Falstaff, Hotspur, Slender, Rudin, Isaac and Rebecca, Hercules, Thaïs, Slender—I had met them all in my dilapidated books; I had listened to Lamb, Shelley, Addison, Jane Austen, Goethe, Burns, Tolstoy, and Stevenson in my books. And as I pondered my spirits returned.

"Truly," I said to myself, "when God made the world of books, he put a high wall around it, but many doors therein. And no matter how crestfallen the door, the country within is the same." And that's the truth.

THIRD PRIZE

THE BEST OF THE OLD AND NEW

BY "K. W. R."

I WAS born in Virginia not very long before the Civil War. My grandmother offered to give me a gold piece when I could read, and when I was about five years old I read from "Reading Without Tears" well enough to win the prize. Since then I have never willingly stopped reading. In our part of the country children's books were very scarce during the war, and ours were, many of them, inherited. We had "Sanford and Merton," "The Rollo Books," "The Franconia Stories," "The Fairchild Family," "Little Henry and His Bearer," "The Lady of the Manor" (borrowed and read with many thrills), "Stories of an Old Maid," "The Story of a Doll," and others long since forgotten by the world.

In those troubled times children were not expected to be either seen or heard, and we found the garret a wonderful refuge. There we spent many peaceful hours, "the world forgetting and by the world forgot." Piles of old "Godey's," "Harper's Monthlies," "Littell's Living Age," "Atlantics," etc., were mines of joy. "Gulliver's Travels," "Baron Munchausen," some odd volumes of "Clarissa Harlowe," enchanted us in spite of the difficulties of the long "S." We had a copy of "Don Quixote" with one thousand illustrations, "Gil Blas," and the "Arabian Nights." Queer food for childish minds, but better then perhaps than later. Scott was a household word, and two of the family dolls were named Rebecca and Rowena.

When I was about nine, I discovered Dickens, and from then on the English novelists of the time were familiar friends. We had by that time access to many more books, and read Miss Warner's "Stories for Young People" and Miss Yonge's mixtures of historical facts and fancies with her nice English family life. Her poor clergymen with their interesting series of twins, her wonderful heroes with their High Church tendencies and irresistible charm, are all remembered with pleasure. On looking back, the serials of that time seem to me to fill a large part of my memory. George Macdonald, Mrs. Oliphant, Trollope, George Eliot, Dickens, Thackeray, made the coming of the postman an event.

When Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism" came into my hands, a new field was opened up—biography and essays took their rightful place, and fiction became a pastime. The lives of clever men were open to us. The great Victorians became familiar friends—the Hares, the Arnolds, Kingsley, the Evangelicals, and later pre-Raphaelites and their followers were all of interest. Browning was an interpreter of life, Ruskin a preacher of righteousness. So it went on—books made travel interesting, travel made books real; Italy interpreted by Symonds, Grimm, Benvenuto Cellini, Pater, and Browning, a land of pure delight; England as familiar and well loved as Virginia; France, visited with Henry James, described by Victor Hugo, Balzac, Anatole France, and Loti, a land of romance and charm.

Now I am living in what many would call a Virginia backwater, but where, "praise be!" there are no Main Streets, no banal Babbitts, no drab Lulu Betts. I have had no concerts this winter, but I have heard the cardinals daily, and occasionally had a song from a mocking-bird who has been kind enough to winter with us. I have seen no picture exhibitions, but a few rosy dawns and many glorious sunsets. I have heard no lectures, but I have "visited with," as our New England friends say, William De Morgan, and met our old friends the descendants of Coke of Norfolk, and all the artists and literary men of pre-Raphaelite days as well as some moderns. I have been in the old Park Street home of Charles Bonaparte, and come in touch with one of the greatest of my heroes, President Roosevelt. I have enjoyed the "'Indiscretions' of Lady Susan" Townley, have shared Mrs. Aldrich's "Memories;" I have spent some pleasant hours with "The Spinster of This Parish," lingered in the woods with "Old Crow;" have felt the gloom and power of "The Cathedral;" visited Paris with some novelists. I have lingered at the Sign La Reine Pedauque; have crossed the ocean and suffered in the trenches with "One of Ours;" have tried with Lucas to "Divide Genevra's Money;" have looked at the "Puppet Show of Memory;" have had blood-curdling adventures with Ossendowski; every week I have an "Outlook" at many happenings.

Some day when the X-ray is perfected and the palimpsest of memory is photographed, what a record I will see! It will begin with "Reading Without Tears" and end, I fancy, [illegible] the English marriage service [illegible] amazement. But at least I [illegible] I have lived and loved, even [illegible] been only vicariously.

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PLAGUES THAT IMPERIL OUR TREES AND PLANTS

HOW UNCLE SAM QUARANTINES AMERICAN PORTS AGAINST INFECTED NURSERY STOCK, STAMPS OUT PLANT EPIDEMICS, AND KEEPS VIGILANT SCIENTISTS ON GUARD AGAINST THE SPREAD OF INFECTIONS

BY

NEWTON FUESSLE

(C) Underwood

DR. K. F. KELLERMAN

"Dr. K. F. Kellerman, Associate Chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry, is a resourceful fighting man of science"

DR. HAVEN METCALF

"Dr. Haven Metcalf is the pathologist in charge of the Government's fight against diseases of trees. He is a diligent and able investigator and is gifted with unusual judgment"

THE autumnal fragrance of a pan of chestnuts roasting over a ruddy little bed of charcoal is almost a thing of the past. The swarthy vender, balancing himself and his apparatus adroitly along the curb where the traffic of city streets is invariably the thickest, must soon be abandoning his usual stock in trade during the hazy days of October and November, when nothing smells so good as a chestnut. For the native American chestnut trees are practically extinct along the Atlantic coast to-day, and it is believed that nothing can stop the blight that is gradually consuming the ones that still remain.

The chestnut-bark disease, which as early as 1911 had already devastated fully $25,000,000 worth of timber, advances at the rate of about twenty to twenty-five miles a year with a virulence that science has been unable to check. It was discovered in 1904 by a forester of the New York Zoölogical Park, and has since played havoc in Pennsylvania, New York, and New Hampshire, and on down into Virginia. The chestnut trees of the southern Appalachians have displayed a strenuous resistance to the blight; but once it sinks its sinister roots into the chestnut bark, even the forest pathologists of the United States Department of Agriculture admit their inability to protect the trees of the region against it. There is no specific. The trees are doomed.

TINES AGAINST PLANT PLAGUES

ining American ports ntry of immigrants infected by contagious diseases has long been a painstaking measure of public safety. But plant quarantines to protect American trees and plants against the importation of diseased nursery stock is a development of only recent years. Chestnut canker at last aroused public opinion, for this blight unquestionably owes its origin to the admission of diseased nursery stock from Japan. The chestnut blight thus became a symbol in the public mind of the whole menace of plant diseases introduced from foreign countries.

"What if this were a disease of apple trees, or of potatoes, corn, or wheat?" people asked themselves. And straightway they turned for their answer to the Department of Agriculture.

This marked the advent of an era of exceedingly interesting and dramatic warfare that has since been waged vigilantly, resourcefully, and incessantly by Uncle Sam against pathological perils that trees and plants, no less than the human body, are heir to.

From gradual beginnings plant quarantine in the United States has risen to its present peak of rigid exclusion. A total of fifty-four different plant quarantines have been issued, of which thirty-five continue in force. The Department of Agriculture has greatly outdistanced similar work done by any foreign country.

In the businesslike offices and laboratories of a plant pathologist in Washington the world's fungi are being painstakingly appraised, card-catalogued, and described. The traits and mannerisms of the more important of these potential enemies of American plant life are being carefully studied, so that the proper safeguards may be developed in the effort to keep them out of the country.

As in the case of Spanish influenza, it has been observed that many of these diseases of plants likewise become more virulent after they have moved from one country into another. The virulence with which some of these imported plagues may attack American plants has repeatedly been demonstrated. It is as important, from the point of view of American plant life, to protect our ports against these afflictions, as it is, from the point of view of human life, rigidly to bar from our ports of entry immigrants suffering from scarlet fever, yellow fever, or smallpox.

CURRANT JELLY AND GOOSEBERRY PIE GROW SCARCER

From French and German nurseries came the white pine blister disease. This dangerous malady moves from tree to tree by a curiously circuitous route. It travels from the infected tree to a currant or gooseberry bush and thence to another tree. The result is that in fighting this disease it is necessary to kill currant and gooseberry bushes in regions that have been attacked.

Millions of acres of these bushes have been destroyed in the Government's determined effort to eliminate the white pine blister disease. In localities where currant and gooseberry bushes provide the basis for a more important industry than the white pine tree, the trees are permitted to die. But in other localities

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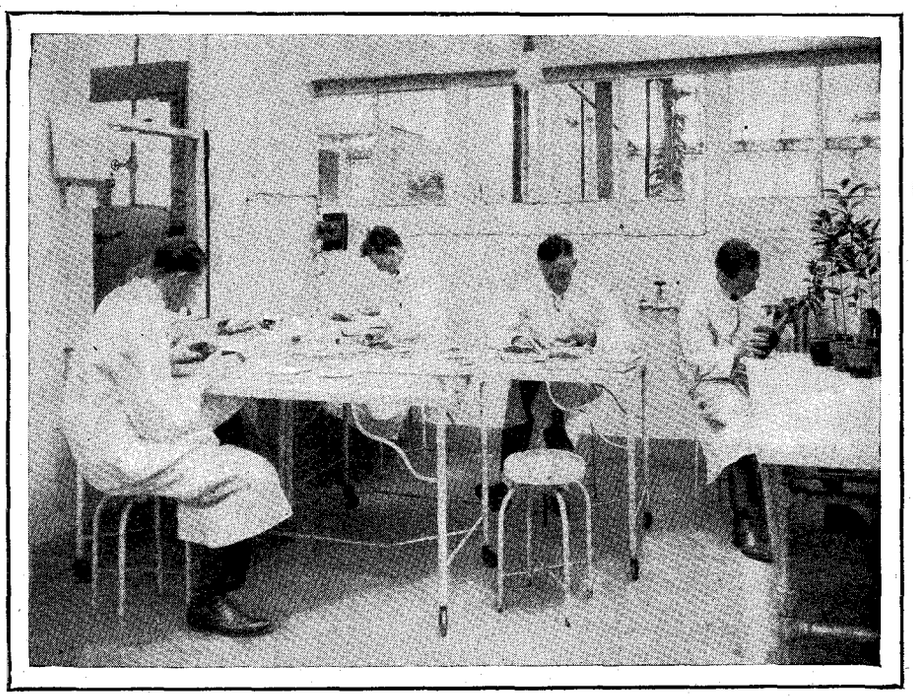

INSPECTORS IN WARD EXAMINING FRUITS FOR EVIDENCES OF INSECT WORK OR DISEASES

currant jelly and gooseberry pie are likely to vanish from the table.

Government pathologists estimate that the real fight to control the white pine blister must be carried on during the next six years, or else that valuable species of tree is done for. The blister rust is already so widely scattered that its eradication is absolutely hopeless, and the desire is merely to teach pine owners how a commercial control of the disease can be effected in order to continue the commercial production of the white pine in the East. The case is not greatly different from the diseases of wheat probably introduced from Australia in recent years, namely, take-all and flag smut; these two diseases were so widely scattered before their presence was discovered in this country that they will probably never be completely eradicated.

The Douglas fir, which comprises something like one-fourth of the standing timber in the United States, has also become the target of a perilous form of fungus canker which Government officials are watching closely, and will take prompt steps to eradicate if found in the United States.

It has not been the easiest thing in the world to rouse rural communities to the danger of some of these plant maladies and to secure the proper cooperation with Federal authorities to direct an effective fight against these dangers. These plagues are usually subtle in their origins and move slowly from region to region, and it is difficult to get a convincing amount of early evidence against them. The Federal authorities have applied themselves to the problem with every means at their disposal. They have worked through farm bureaus and through county demonstration agents; they have installed exhibits at agricultural fairs; they have carried on publicity campaigns through newspapers, farm journals, and motion pictures. They have sent members of the Department to address meetings in many localities throughout the country.

A FIGHTING MAN OF SCIENCE

One of the most dramatic drives executed by the Bureau of Plant Industry occurred when the entire citrus industry of the South was threatened, throwing Florida and other Southern States into a condition of panic. This was in 1913. Two years before, the citrus canker had made its way into Florida, carried by some Japanese nursery stock. It was at first confused with the ordinary citrus scab, but spraying did no good, and the disease began spreading so rapidly and so injuriously that land values in Florida dropped with a bang, and predictions became general to the effect that the citrus industry was going the way of the chestnut forests.

At this point Dr. K. F. Kellerman, Associate Chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry, a resourceful fighting man of science, determined to stamp out the disease if it was humanly possible. Dr. Kellerman was peculiarly fitted to assume command of these critical operations. He had served a careful apprenticeship in the fields of soil bacteriology and water purification. He had studied, not only plant physiology, but hygiene, surgery, and engineering. He worked on the drinking water problem at Panama before the Canal Zone was the healthful region it is to-day.

ORANGE GROVES DEFENDED AGAINST PLAGUE

Dr. Kellerman was instrumental in securing Government appropriations. An initial appropriation of $35,000 was carried in an Urgent Deficiency Bill; and later appropriations have raised the total of Government funds provided for this purpose, including that for the coming fiscal year, to $1,840,760. Dr. Kellerman was likewise instrumental in securing additional funds from the States and from local property-owners to fight the citrus canker. Every orchard in the affected region was promptly inspected and every diseased tree was sprayed with a flaming mixture of kerosene and crude oil until the tree was charred. Even the ground in which the tree had stood was disinfected with formalin after the tree was burned.

The men in the picturesque raiding parties were required to disinfect all of their clothes and equipment after the day's work. Overshoes, leggings, and canvas hats had to be soaked in a bichloride solution. Precautions as severe as those employed in fighting the bubonic plague in the Near East were employed in this struggle to stamp out the citrus canker down among the orange groves and grapefruit orchards.

Florida in the meantime was deathly afraid of publicity concerning her endangered fruit regions. Since the plague has been stamped out, however, Florida has wisely capitalized the fact. The disease had ranged from the Atlantic coast to Texas. It had mainly been spread by men and teams working in the orchards. During the fight all except actual workmen were kept out of the orchards and all workers were compelled to wear disinfected suits. The disease, although not completely eradicated even yet, has been brought sharply under control. Texas and Louisiana are still known to have scattered cases of citrus canker within their borders, although infection in important producing regions or near lines of travel are believed to have been eliminated. Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi are still being systematically examined, although for many months no canker has been found in any one of these three States, and during the last few years only a very few scattered infections have been located.

UNCLE SAM'S TREE DOCTOR

Dr. Haven Metcalf is the pa[t]
gist in charge of the Gover
fight against diseases of t
is a diligent and able inves[t]
is gifted with unusual i[n]

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was he who urged the Government to open official fire upon the chestnut blight long before actual operations were undertaken; and again it was he who advised that the fight be abandoned when it became clear to him that it could not possibly be won.

This specialist, after extensive study, introduced into America from Lombardy, Italy, a variety of rice now known as "colusa rice." It is now grown extensively in California on land that was previously scarcely used. In 1919 the crop value of this variety of rice was over $4,000,000. That was his first achievement in the Department of Agriculture.

Dr. Metcalf has labored tirelessly to create a science of tree pathology and to apply that science as rapidly as possible to the practices of arboriculture and of forestry. Previous to the beginnings of his efforts in 1907 there had been very little investigation in America in forest pathology; even in Europe the science was practically limited to the monumental work of one man—Robert Hartig.

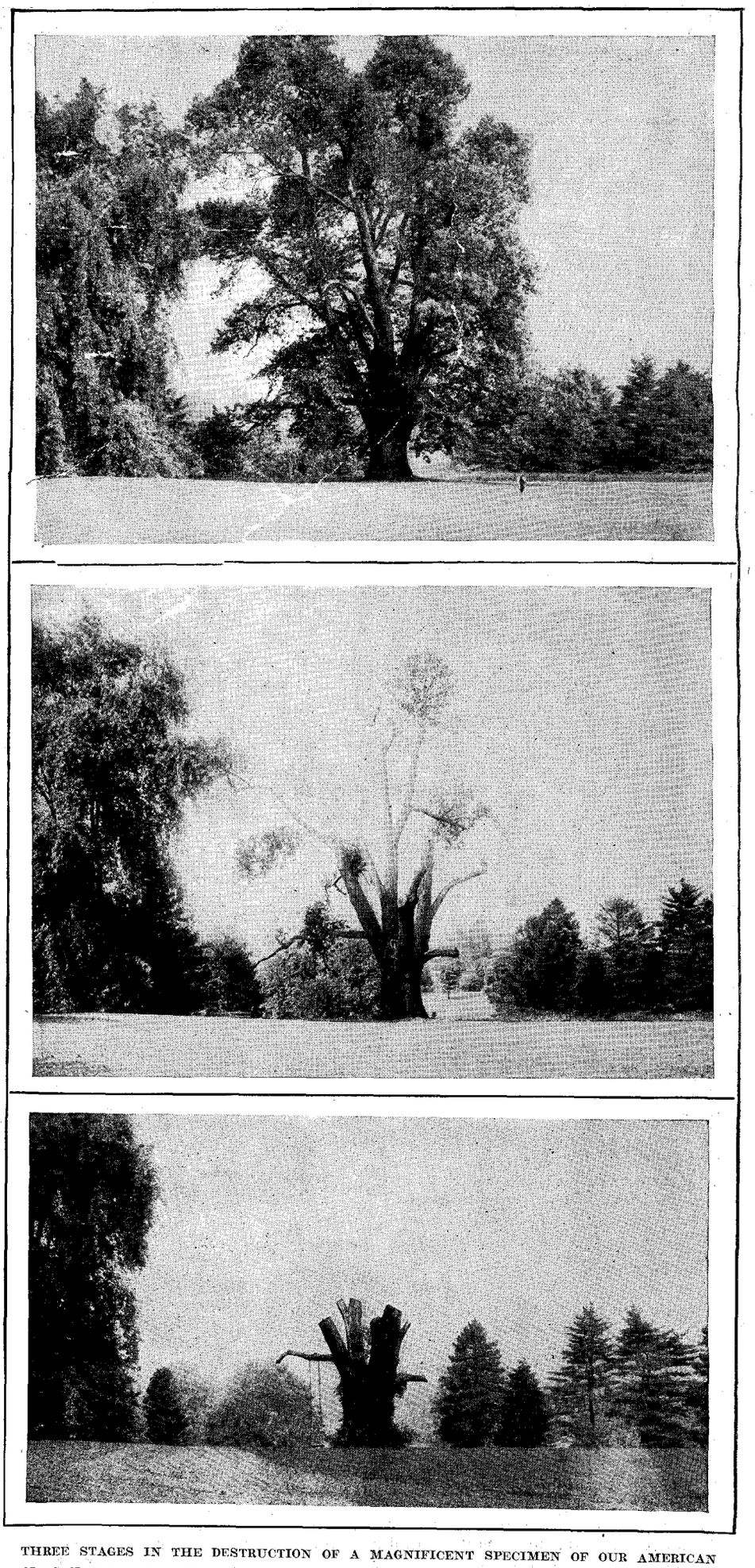
The work of Dr. Metcalf's office includes such subjects as decay of timbers in buildings, decays of all forms of wood, tree nursery diseases and tree surgery. He was the first to recognize that the chestnut blight was an imported disease, and since 1908 has constantly preached the doctrine that it is easier to keep out a foreign peril to plants than to fight it once it is intrenched.

The Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture has more experts on its staff than any other Government bureau. The volume and scope of its efforts are astounding.

PROTECTING AMERICAN COTTON FIELDS

The pink boll worm is responsible for an interesting quarantine established at American ports. This very destructive worm attacks cotton plants. It came in from Egypt in cotton bales, and established itself cozily in Mexico. A drastic quarantine has been established along the Mexican border, where fumigation plants have been established. The largest of these is located at El Paso, and has a fifteen-car capacity. Fumigation takes place under a vacuum, in which all imported cotton must be treated before it is admitted into the United States. The pink boll worm managed to get into Texas and Louisiana in 1917, but Louisiana is now apparently entirely cleared of it.

Because of the strict guard that Uncle Sam now maintains against the entry of various plant diseases and insects, the United States is to-day said to be the only country in the world that is entirely free from destructive species of insects. The utmost precautions



THREE STAGES IN THE DESTRUCTION OF A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN OF OUR AMERICAN CHESTNUT BY THE BLIGHT. AS THE LIMBS BECAME INFECTED AND KILLED, THEY WERE CUT OFF

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are taken to keep these dangerous little aliens out, and, since Mexico is infested, no Mexican fruit is permitted to enter the United States. Fruit is even taken away from passengers on trains about to cross the border, and not long ago there was a considerable flurry of excitement over taking a bunch of roses away from a Cabinet officer's wife, who was crossing the border into the United States.

The fruit fly, fortunately, does not attack bananas, lemons, or Malaga grapes. Since they are considered practically immune, there has never been any need of Governmental interference with these heavily imported products.

With the planting in Potomac Park of some ornamental cherry trees, the Oriental peach-twig borer found its way in the United States, and has since been spreading steadily and inflicting its injuries upon peach and cherry trees.

Another dangerous little alien enemy is the corn borer. Since he enters with broom corn, all broom corn that is now admitted from foreign countries has to be carefully steamed upon entry, and may not be imported during the summer months at all.

An entire volume has been compiled covering insects that have not yet entered the United States, but which are a potential menace.

THE REAL YELLOW PERIL

It seems that the real yellow peril has invaded the United States in the form of the Japanese beetle. Its first point of attack was the vicinity around Philadelphia and Riverton, New Jersey. It is considered the worst insect that ever got into this country. It feeds on grass, and on the leaves of fruit trees, vines, and corn stalks, and is spreading very rapidly. Dr. Kellerman tells me that he never saw an insect so peculiarly adapted to make trouble in the United States.

It consumes ripening fruit and is very cautious about eating any fruit or leaves that have been sprayed. It probably entered the United States about 1909. Its carrier was the Japanese iris before the Plant Quarantine Law was passed. Boys used to be paid ten cents a pint for capturing Japanese beetles, but the beetles have since grown so dense in the vicinity of Philadelphia that during fruit time the orchards have the appearance of being overwhelmed with bee swarms. These resolute beetles go into action in natural war-paint; they are a brilliant iridescent bronze green in color. They have spread so rapidly that they apparently cannot be controlled.

A DRASTIC QUARANTINE

Quarantining the ports of a country against plant diseases has been a recognized measure of public safety for more than a century. American officials, however, for many years had no authority to establish quarantines except against living insects, although it was known for years that nursery stock was bringing diseases of plants into the country. Thirty-five years ago the prevalence of "peach yellows" led to various State quarantines to prevent its movement from State to State. But it was not until 1912 that the Plant Quarantine Act was passed by Congress, providing for the establishment of a Federal Horticultural Board. This body promptly instituted careful inspection at ports of entry, but soon found that it was difficult to provide conditions of safety without establishing rigid quarantines.

The rapid discovery of one new disease after another became so alarming to the Board that public hearings were held to arrive at a basis of reasonable yet sufficient action. The result was that very drastic quarantine rules were promulgated on June 1, 1919, covering the general exclusion of all nursery stock except fruits, vegetables, cereals, and seeds. This caused a storm of protest, and has resulted in almost continuous controversy. The Board, which has authority to promulgate any quarantine it considers necessary, has been sharply attacked for interfering with the progress of America's horticulture. The power of the Board to make decisions, however, has never been carried into court, and its drastic order of 1919 has since won the support of most of the nursery journals. The Board is appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture, and consists of C. L. Marlatt, chairman; W. A. Orton, G. B. Sudworth, W. D. Hunter, and K. F. Kellerman. Its members all serve without compensation.

After a long period of no control of any kind, there was an era of State control of plant quarantine requirements. Then came the Federal effort to keep badly infected stock out of the country. This developed into a general rigid limitation of entry, but now it seems that the point has been reached at which the authorities must strike the proper balance between a rigid general quarantine and the pressing requirements of America as a factor in world trade.

It is a serious question as to whether the present embargo on nursery stock should be extended to include fruit trees, or whether the United States, which is to-day the biggest fruit and vegetable producing country in the world, shall continue to import fruit stock and to surround their entry with all possible restrictive safeguards.

While about $2,000,000 is being spent each year in the effort to control or eradicate plant diseases already inflicting their damage in America, only about $200,000 per year is available to head off the various diseases at our ports. And yet, hampered by these small means, as well as by a public opinion which is still largely ignorant of the need of plant quarantine, the men charged by the Government with keeping these infections out of our ports are making one of the bravest and most brilliant fights ever conducted on behalf of the American public. Their public service is extremely valuable, and they ought to be provided more generously with the means with which to carry on.

The Federal fight that has been waged on behalf of plants may be compared in importance with the fights that stamped out the foot-and-mouth disease and pleuropneumonia among cattle.

Back of the appalling character of some of the infections that have already seeped into the United States looms the shadowy menace of innumerable slinking foes to our plants that have not yet crept in. In torrid jungles and in distant forests unknown and unnamed infectious diseases of plants are thriving, and are lying in wait for the opportunity to attack American fields and orchards. It is a comfort to know that eminent and resourceful American patholo- and entomologists are laborir tinuously to isolate and stu menaces and to defend o against them.

Do you know how maps of the United States are made?

Do you know how much work still remains to be done before the survey of our country can be said to be completed?

Mr. C. F. Talman

will tell the story of our Government map-making in an early issue of The Outlook.

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FROM CONNECTICUT TO CALIFORNIA

THE HAYMAKERS (CONNECTICUT)

THE WATER HOLE (KERN COUNTY, CALIFORNIA)

om G. S. Eaton, Wilmette, Illinois

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THE BOOK TABLE

PSYCHOLOGICAL BIOGRAPHY[1]

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

WHEN Matthew Arnold defined culture as knowledge of the best that has been thought and said in the world, he was of course referring to literature as an artistic expression of sentiment and philosophy rather than as an expression of life in action. Culture meant to him a saturation of poetry and *belles lettres*. Although he was, if not actually the foremost, one of the first English critics of the nineteenth century, there is little in his essays about history and biography, notwithstanding the fact that some of the most cultivating literature we have is found in the pages of historical biography.

The trouble is that a modern school of historical writers wishes to make of history (or of biography, let us say, for history is simply the biography of human life) a science rather than an art. Too many historians and biographers, cluttering up their work with dry, tedious, and unimportant details, make of their books mere trade catalogues. Conscientious pedants and enthusiastic partisans have given historical biography a bad name, but in the hands of the artist it becomes one of the most vital and engaging forms of literature. Herodotus, Plutarch, Froissart, Silvio Pellico, Benvenuto Cellini, Pepys, Boswell, Benjamin Franklin, were men of letters as truly as were the great essayists. Mistral the poet will be forgotten when Mistral the autobiographer is still read with delight. Macaulay as a painter of word pictures will last as long as Tennyson, if not longer. Froude may be, as he is often said to be, unreliable as to dates and documents, but his "Life and Letters of Erasmus" is not only charming reading, but must always be read by anybody who wishes to understand the conflicting forces of thought and action during the Reformation.

Turning to our own time and the lives of our own countrymen, Oliver's Life of Hamilton, Charnwood's Life of Lincoln, Beveridge's Life of John Marshall, and Walter Page's "Life and Letters" are not only the finest kind of history, but deserve to be classed as *belles lettres*. They may be read for style, grace, and art as well as for accurate and original information. The list of biographies that ought to be catalogued not only as history, but as literature in the Arnoldian sense, might be extended away beyond the limits of a review article. I have only barely touched the subject here. But before I leave it I want to allude to two biographies which are documentary testimony to the thesis I am maintaining, Andrew D. White's "Seven Great Statesmen" and William Roscoe Thayer's Life of Cavour. These are great biographies, but they are also literature of the first order.

So much by way of preface, set down here in a spirit of both commendation and of protest, to the task in hand, which is to review Mr. Gamaliel Bradford's latest essay in the field of biographical *belles lettres*. It is commendable to find an American historian—for Mr. Bradford is certainly that—actuated by the definite purpose of writing history as literature rather than genealogy and economics, as a fine art rather than as a technical, matter-of-fact science. But I protest against two estimates of his work which I find on the jacket of the book, placed there, no doubt, by the publishers and not by the author. In these two "blurbs" an anonymous reviewer of the New York "Times" intimates that, while Lytton Strachey, who wrote the much-talked-about Life of Queen Victoria, is generally extolled "as the first author to show what can be done by applying psychological methods and insight to the writing of biography, . . . Gamaliel Bradford has been painting these 'portraits of the soul' for the last ten years." And H. L. Mencken is quoted as saying in the New York "Evening Post:" "This man Bradford is the man who invented the formula of Lytton Strachey's 'Queen Victoria' . . . it seeks to let some light into the more private and elusive nature of the man under examination . . . and then, of a sudden, a living man emerges."

The fact is that neither Strachey nor Bradford invented psychological biography. It is nearly as old as Tutankhamen. The authors of the Book of Job and of the Book of Esther were psychological biographers, and Mr. Mencken ought to know the Old Testament, whatever his prejudices may be against the New. Montaigne and Voltaire were past-masters of psychological biography. Macaulay, in spite of the modern jibes at his "hard-boiled" utilitarianism, employed the method with deftness and penetration on two such antipodean subjects as John Bunyan and Machiavelli. Lord Charnwood, for whom Mr. Mencken must have a fraternal respect and whose Life of Lincoln is a master work, gives an unsurpassed psychological interpretation of the spirit of the great emancipator.

But to say that Mr. Bradford did not invent the method of psychological interpretation in writing biography is not to say that he fails to employ it skillfully. Indeed, his book is almost wholly a psychological interpretation of facts which his readers are assumed to know from their previous acquaintance with the subject.

One must know something about the careers of Benedict Arnold, Thomas Paine, Aaron Burr, John Randolph of Roanoke, John Brown, P. T. Barnum, and B. F. Butler, who are the seven "Damaged Souls" portrayed by Mr. Bradford, before one can appreciate Mr. Bradford's portraitures. Perhaps this would be a better way to put it: Having seen Mr. Bradford's portrait sketches, the observer is likely to turn to the more complete work of such biographers as John Fiske or Talleyrand to read the dramatic story of Benedict Arnold; to Moncure Conway's Life of Thomas Paine for a fair appreciation of that untidy revolutionist; to Frederick Scott Oliver and Senator Beveridge for the complete story of Aaron Burr; to McMaster and Henry Adams for an account of the abnormally brilliant, abnormally lank, and abnormally irascible Virginian, Randolph; to Oswald Garrison Villard's eulogy of the devoted but unpractical martyr John Brown; and to the showman Barnum's own autobiography, one of the most curious and entertaining, if one of the least important personal records produced in this country. We doubt if anybody will want to read anything more about Benjamin Franklin Butler than Mr. Bradford gives in his essay; the sooner Butler is forgotten, the better it will be for the self-respect of his countrymen.

Butler was essentially a Massachusetts man, although he was born in New Hampshire. Of course Butler shook Massachusetts to its foundations in 1883, when he ran for Governor. I happened to be living in Boston at that time, and know from personal experience how the "Athens of America" trembled on its foundations. Recalling this, Mr. Bradford evidently believes that the United States is as much interested in Butler as Massachusetts is, but it is not improbable that the Mississippi Valley is much more interested in Jesse James than it is in the notorious hero of New Orleans. Mr. Bradford apparently ho[l]
the naïve opinion that Tewksbur
important a place historically
per's Ferry, thus unconsci
closing an amusing and c[h]

[1] Damaged Souls. By Gamaliel Bradford. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

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frailty of the typical Bostonian mind. The worst thing in Mr. Bradford's essay on Butler is his comparison of Butler with Lincoln in the statement that "undeniably there were marked resemblances between them;" the best thing is the quotation of "Lincoln's remark, when Hay suggested that Butler might be the most dangerous man in the army: 'Yes, he is like Jim Jett's brother. Jim used to say that his brother was the damnedest scoundrel that ever lived, but in the infinite mercy of Providence he was also the damnedest fool.'"

If Lincoln meant that Butler was a fool in the sense that he was simple-minded, the estimate was a mistake. If Lincoln used the word "fool" as a synonym for jester or charlatan, he was correct. Butler was essentially a charlatan, and perhaps it is not out of place to put him in a book alongside of Barnum. But if Barnum was a charlatan, he was one who gave joy and pleasure to thousands of people, while Butler was the kind of charlatan who carries sorrow, indignation, and irritation in his trail. Perhaps Butler had a soul to be damaged, but it must have been the kind of soul that was once defined by an eccentric professor of chemistry in the New England college at which it is alleged that I received my education. When this professor got into a row one morning with a group of students in his course, he gave utterance in the lecture-room to this truth, which is as sublime as it is ridiculous: "There are some souls so mean, so insignificant, so small, that when the time of judgment comes the Almighty will put a million of them in a box and damn the box."

The only really pathetic figure in this book of damaged souls is that of Benedict Arnold. To think what he might have been, with his undeniable gifts, is saddening:

> The legend ran in the British army that Arnold offered to give himself up for André, but was prevented by Clinton. If so, it was a cruel bit of kindness. To have given his life for André's would have averted those bitter years, would have gone far to redeem his name from infamy, would have saved him from having to change the proud motto of his earlier day, *gloria sursum*, glory above all things, to the sad legend which he adopted at last, *nil desperandum*, only too aptly to be mistranslated: nothing but despair.

The others in Mr. Bradford's list hardly need our pity. Thomas Paine has thousands who still admire him, and in some respects his achievements were admirable; John Randolph contributed something lasting to the welfare of his country, although at the end he regarded the human race as a lot of "children blowing bubbles;" John Brown, as Mr. Bradford rightly says, if he failed to teach men how to live, certainly taught them how to die; Barnum was a happy man to the end; and no amount of pity, no one deed of high generosity, no yielding to the association of some great soul, could have saved Aaron Burr from his spiritual suicide—he was apparently foreordained to be damned by his own acts and his own choice of the path of life, although he was born with every good fortune of ancestry.

Perhaps the best passage from a literary point of view in the volume is Mr. Bradford's summary of Burr's life history. It will bear reading more than once.

> He was a man who came into the world to amuse himself, and he early conceived that the richest sources of masculine amusement are the love of women and the domination of men. Perhaps he was right; but it is impossible to deny the justice of John Quincy Adams's grave comment: "Burr's life, take it altogether, was such as in any country of sound morals his friends would be desirous of burying in profound oblivion."
>
> You may regard his career, even more than most, as a series of big and little losses. He was born in 1756. With Jonathan Edwards as his grandfather and the president of Princeton College as his father, he might seem to have inherited an almost suffocating odor of sanctity; but he soon lost it. He lost his parents in early childhood, and he was brought up under what his Edwards uncle regretfully called "a maple-sugar government." As a mere boy, he went with Arnold to Quebec, and followed this with other military distinction; but he lost his health and the favor of Washington, and with these the chance of becoming a great soldier. He practiced law successfully, but was drawn into politics and showed a wonderful gift for the seamy side of them. He lost the presidency in 1801 by a tie-vote with Jefferson, and was thus shifted into that graveyard of greater hopes, the vice-presidency. He lost the governorship of New York, chiefly through the activity of his constant opponent, Hamilton. Whereupon he fought and killed Hamilton and by so doing lost the respect of most respectable people. He then schemed to create an empire in the southwest by robbing and possibly ruining his own country. He lost this vast dream hope, and though he was acquitted of treason in a famous trial, he lost what public confidence had been left to him. Money he was always losing, by extravagance, by generosity, by indifference, by windy speculation. He spent four years, from 1808 to 1812, in the most disreputable Bohemian exile in Europe, and at length crept home. Long before, he had lost a charming and beloved wife. He now lost his grandson, whom he worshiped, and the exquisite daughter, who worshiped him. It might seem as if he had nothing left to lose. But he kept on for twenty-five years longer, losing what little trifles life could still take from him. At the very end he married a rich widow and lost first her money and then her affection. And before his death, in 1836, he lost even the use of his limbs. Yet in this crowding, mountainous accumulation of losses, he rarely lost his patience, and never that heaven-bestowed gift of amusing himself.

Mr. Bradford has done an excellent piece of work, and his judgments and conclusions are generally sound. But Erasmus would not have agreed with him that the art of amusing one's self is a heaven-born gift. That great critic and satirist of the Reformation would have ascribed the gift to Folly, daughter of Plutus and "that loveliest and most enchanting of all the nymphs, the Goddess of Youth." The ironical praise of Folly, "Moriæ Encomium," in which Erasmus indulged missed fire in some directions and he had to apologize for it in a memorable letter to his ecclesiastical friend Dorpius. Mr. Bradford does not indulge in irony, and his effective exposure of the folly of the damaged souls he dissects needs no apology.

THE NEW BOOKS

POETRY

SONGS OF UNREST. By Bernice Lesbia Kenyon. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Miss Kenyon's name is familiar to readers of those magazines—among them The Outlook—which give space to poetry. To them she has contributed frequently, and her first volume brings together some of the best of her previously published work. "Songs of Unrest" is an auspicious first book. There is little in it that suggests hesitancy or experimentation or insufficient practice in the medium. Much of Miss Kenyon's verse possesses definite charm; all of it is distinctly agreeable.

Much recent verse seems to have been written upon the theory that it is the function of poetry to celebrate the specifically contemporary and that each individual's discovery of the world is actually a discovery of an absolutely new one. But the great poems to which the affections of the race have been permanently given reveal no such assumption, and even casual reflection would convince us that the enduring success of great poetry lies in its capacity to express, not the poet, but his audience. Unless poetry preserves some contact with the experiences which the race has lived by, unless it possesses elements of universality, it can do little more than beguile us momentarily. Some such theory as this Miss Kenyon, whether consciously or not, has made her own. She is a contemporary poet living in a contemporary world and

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responding to contemporary experience, yet the world and the experiences with which her poetry is concerned are timeless and permanent. Her themes are those which have had an enduring emotional significance to the race, and which because of their deep roots in common experience are invariably contemporary to any time. In the main she has treated these themes with sincerity and simplicity. Her lyrics are written for the ear rather than, as happens to be fashionable at the moment, for the eye. She has profited by the contemporary taste for heightened suggestion in imagery, but her capacity for conveying striking impressions of actuality has been gained at no cost to the melody of her verse. At its best her poetry has imaginative power, often tempered by a reflective mood. The quality of her verse is perhaps best illustrated by quotation; the following sonnet, entitled "City Rain," is an excellent example of her use of the lyric form:

The skies are etched with traceries of gray;
Gusts of white rain blow down between the walls;
With silver heaviness the torrent falls
From leads and gutters, shattering into spray
And hissing on the pavement. Oh, that clean
Harsh rain like this could break the stone-work in,
Crumple the city's towers and begin
To wake from hidden earth its meed of green!

We are built on rock, and like the rock we rise,
Sterile, defiant, when the spring rains come;
So hard of heart our stoniness resounds
With echoes of the storm, though we are dumb.
On our dead strength the splendor beats and pounds,
Dashing its living wonder in our eyes.

"Songs of Unrest" contains much that will reward the attentive reader. In poems like that quoted above, like "Nocturne," "The City Dweller," "Sky and Fountain," "I Go Singing," some of the sonnets in "Youth," and the sequence entitled "Interim" Miss Kenyon has achieved richness and beauty of expression. On the evidence of this first book it is obvious that the progress of her talents will well bear watching by readers of current poetry.

BOOKS RECEIVED

CHILD'S DAY (A). By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.75.

MERCHANT MARINE (THE). By Rear-Admiral William S. Benson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

WHEN THERE IS NO PEACE. By the author of "The Pomp of Power." The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.

WHAT TO COOK AND HOW TO COOK IT. By Nannie Talbot Johnson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

THE BIRTH OF THE LIBERTY BELL

BY CARL HOLLIDAY

EVERY American knows that the Liberty Bell in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, pealed forth the epoch-making news that the Declaration of Independence had been signed. But how many Americans know when the bell first rang and when the great crack down its side forever stopped its ringing?

It seems that the man who undertook the job of swinging the historic bell into the little tower above the famous State House was Edmund Wooley, and it appears also that he took his pay in produce instead of cash. And, like the shrewd Yankee that he probably was, he demanded his price *in advance*. It was on April 17, 1753, that the bill was made out, headed: "The Province . . . To Edmund Wooley, Dr. . . . For Sundrys advanced for raising the Bell Frame and putting up the Bell." Whether Wooley was "hard up" or simply didn't care to trust the Province of Pennsylvania, we shall never know; but the fact remains that the colony paid him in eatables more than two months before the bell was placed in the steeple.

A curious array of foods and prices that ancient bill presented for hanging the most famous bell in all history. A list of prices, indeed, that may surprise readers in this day of the widely advertised high cost of living. Remembering that a shilling was approximately twenty-four cents, we may do our own calculating as we read that Wooley received, according to one item:

> A Peck of Potatoes, 2*s.* 9*d.*; 14 lbs. Beef at 4*s.* 8*d.*; 4 Gammons, 36 lbs. at 6*d.*—18*s.*.....£1 6 5.

And another item consists of

> A Cheese, 13 lbs. at 6*d.*—6*s.* 6*d.*; Beef, 30 lbs. at 4*d.*—10*s.*; a Peck Potatoes, 2*s.* 6*d*.....£0 19 1.

Edmund Wooley and his workmen must have been a thirsty set, for the next item reads:

> 100 Limes, 14*s.*; 3 Gallons Rum of John Jones, 14*s*.....£1 8 0.

while the last item is

> A Barrel of Beer of Anthony Morris .....£0 18 0.

There were various other articles advanced to the contractor for the job of putting up the new bell: two shillings' worth of mustard, pepper, salt, and butter; nine shillings' worth of bread of "Lacey, ye Baker;" eight shillings' worth of wood; and earthenware and candles to the extent of thirteen shillings fourpence. The entire bill amounted to £5 13*s.* 10*d.*, or $27.12—not a very high price for preparing the way for the first Fourth of July.

If you are of a mathematical turn of mind, you may work out all the comparisons you wish between old-time prices and their present descendants. Suffice for us now to notice that a peck of potatoes at "2*s.* 9*d.*," or 66 cents, would be considered in this day a pretty sure sign of profiteering, while cheese at 12 cents per pound or beef at 8 cents per pound might cause the modern housewife to faint from joy. And think of getting three gallons of real rum in these days for $1.12 per gallon, and a whole barrel (not a keg) of beer for $4.32!

It was wise foresight on Edmund Wooley's part that prompted him to obtain his pay in advance; otherwise he would have waited many a weary week, not only for his just dues, but for the completion of the job itself. For when the bell was originally cast its tone was found to be so harsh that not only the officers of the "Province" but the very manufacturers themselves were dissatisfied. Pass and Stow, "the persons who originally undertook to recast the bell, and who had made the mold in a masterly manner and run the metal well," went to work in a scientific spirit. "When we broke up the metal," says the ancient report, "our judges agreed it was too high and brittle, and cast several little bells out of it to try the sound and strength. We fixed upon a mixture of an ounce and one-half of copper to one pound of the old bell."

But even this combination did not remedy the defects, and it was not until the amount of copper was reduced that the ears of the makers were appeased; and the new bell was finally cast late in June, 1753. It was hung in the State House steeple during the last week of that month, probably June 28. Such an event called for attention even from other "provinces." The "Maryland Gazette" of Thursday, July 5, 1753, announced: "Last week was raised and fixed in the State House steeple the new great bell. Cast there [Philadelphia] by Pass and Stow, weighing 2080 lbs., with the motto: 'Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.' Lev. xxv. 10."

There seems to be a general opinion that the bell pealed forth the news of the birth of a new nation on July 4, 1776; but here again tradition has been careless with the truth. It was on Monday, July 8, that the bell sang its song of "liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." Our colonial ancestors were not given to the modern weakness of rushing blindly and precipitately into publicity.

But on fifty-nine succeeding Fourths the bell did indeed speak its memory of the signing of the Nation's Dec-

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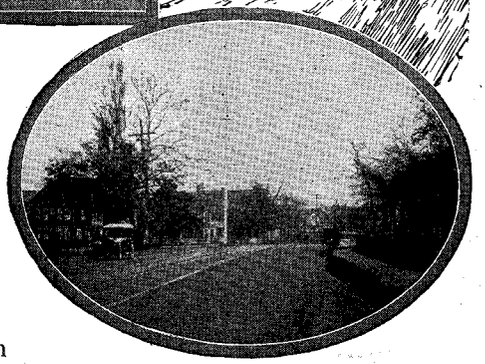

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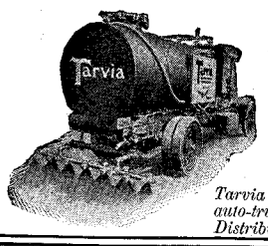

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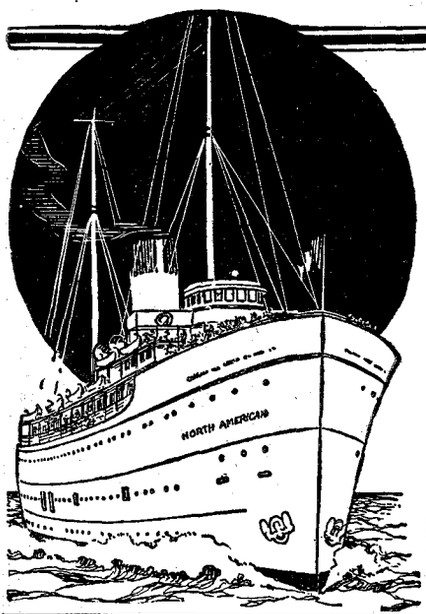

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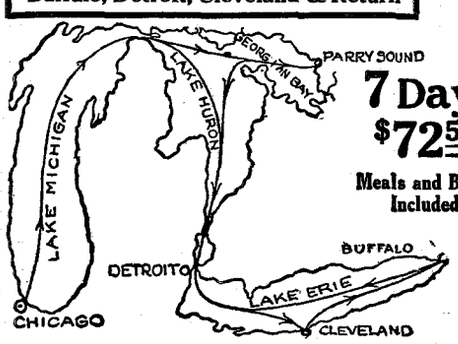

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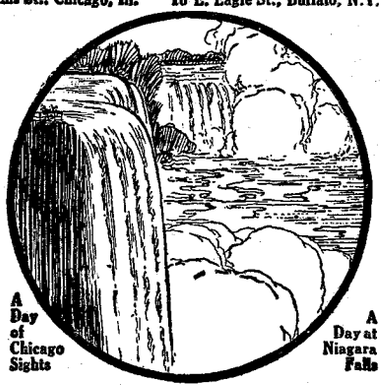

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THE BIRTH OF THE LIBERTY BELL

(*Continued*)

laration, and then the catastrophe. Tolling over the death of the first and greatest Chief Justice, John Marshall, on July 6, 1835, it suddenly cracked, and silence was henceforth its portion of life. Many an enemy had old John Marshall made through his highly original interpretations of the Constitution from the Supreme Court bench, and some of these enemies were mean enough now to declare that it was no marvel that the Liberty Bell cracked over the death of the man who had cracked American liberty. But Marshall's friends might have retorted truthfully that this same John Marshall did more than any other American to make the Constitution the very bulwark of National stability, and that the old bell might well have burst of sorrow at his passing.

Be all that as it may, the bell that Edmund Wooley raised on high, "for Sundrys advanced," such as a peck of potatoes, a cheese, and three gallons of rum, has meant more to our Nation and to mankind in general than the noblest chimes that ever clanged forth from the towers of the world's most magnificent cathedrals.

PLAYING WITH FIRE

BY E. A. SHERMAN

Associate Forester, United States Forest Service

FIRE let loose in our forests is not man's servant, but his master. That is the conclusion of men who know forest fires, who have choked in their smoke, sweated in their furnaces, and afterward reckoned up the account in waste and desolation. Captain Edward C. Crossman has said in his article "A Matter of Conservation,"[1] about all that can be said in favor of forest fires. Let us put over against what he has said the conclusions drawn from actual scientific investigations of the evil effects of fire in our forests.

Captain Crossman's argument is not new. Burning the ground-cover to protect the mature timber has in the past, by its apparent plausibility, made a considerable appeal to timberland owners. They believed in "light burning." They wanted to burn as often as necessary the "underbrush," leaf litter, and other débris of the forest, and thus supposedly get rid of the fuel of more destructive fires. They want to set these fires just at the right time—when the ground was neither too wet nor too dry—and then "control" them so they would not get out of bounds.

But the issue has already been fought out with them. They have found by actual test that it doesn't work and it doesn't pay. Foresters,

[1] Published in The Outlook for June 27.—The Editors.

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with ample reason, have always fought the light-burning theory. They hated to see its revival, especially with the support of some well-known men. The issue was raised very sharply in California. Then the foresters got together with the timber-owners and made experiments in "light burning."

A committee was appointed representing the United States Forest Service, the State Forester, the California White and Sugar Pine Manufacturers' Association, and the University of California. After three years' actual experimenting with light burning, the committee abandoned its task because light burning was found to be impracticable. Light burning, it was found by actual experiment, cannot be done cheaply. It cannot be done without inflicting heavy damage on the forest. It kills the young trees needed for future timber. It burns down merchantable timber. It scars the bark and permits destructive insects and tree rots to enter, thus ultimately causing more losses. So even for those who wanted merely to protect their mature timber and were willing to burn up the young growth it was a failure because of its cost and the heavy damage it caused. Unfortunately, there is not space here to give the details of the many measurements and counts on which these statements are based. The facts have been published in lumber journals and are in the files of the Forest Service. Timber-owners have abandoned the practice.

But Captain Crossman does not advocate even the "controlled" burning of the light burners; he would simply withdraw from the National Forests the organized forces for stopping fires. He would let fires burn freely, on the assumption that Mother Nature knows best what to do.

Well, Mother Nature is prodigal. She can afford to experiment and waste and delay. A century or two makes no difference to her. But for us who need food and timber the plow and the ax are vital tools, and need to be used with all the skill we can summon. A wild forest—the prey to disease, insects, wind, drought, and, above all, fire—compares in production with a wild wheat field or a wild potato patch. We have got to cultivate our forests as well as our fields.

And one of the first steps in forest cultivation is keeping out fire. In California second-growth pine forests from which fire has been kept out are producing in fifty or sixty years from two to three times as much timber per acre as can be found in typical virgin forests two to three centuries old. Why? Because the pine forests of California have been swept for centuries by repeated fires; they have suffered what has been most aptly called "attrition;" they have been

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PLAYING WITH FIRE (*Continued*)

gnawed by fire and worn down until they do not contain a half or a third of the timber they could grow under the forester's care. What foresters are doing is, not to slavishly imitate Nature's methods, but to improve them.

Nature, left to her own devices, has not done as perfect a job as Captain Crossman thinks. Terrific forest fires have swept the forests of the Pacific slope and the Rocky Mountains from time immemorial. They have been traced back for centuries. They have wiped out the forests from immense areas; on other immense areas they have sapped the forests' vigor and greatly cut down their productiveness. In fact, the brush fields in northern California, of which Captain Crossman complains, are themselves the final product of fire. Fire made them, and keeping fire out will turn them into forests again. Fire, gnawing century after century into the pine forests, converted millions of acres into brush fields. Within the boundaries of the present National Forests of California nearly 2,000,000 acres of pine-timber land—one acre in seven—have by these centuries of burning been changed from magnificent forests into worthless brush lands.

The Forest Service is keeping fire out of these brush fields because young pines are starting up among the brush. These pines, if protected, will gradually form a forest that will kill off the brush. Once the forest is re-established, it will produce valuable timber for all time. And elsewhere even the forests that have not been converted into brush fields need building up so as to grow more timber to the acre. This the Forest Service is doing by keeping out fire and by conservative timber cutting.

But this building up can't be done in a day. It takes time—years and decades. Meanwhile we must fight incendiaries, careless campers, and others who set fire either from negligence or from malice or because they prefer to pit their own selfish interests against the building up of forests that will benefit all the coming generations. But the grazier who burns the growing forest to get a few weeks' grazing and the camper who fails to put out his fire are learning that Uncle Sam has a long arm and often an iron hand in what looks like a velvet glove. Fires of human origin must be excluded, and once they are excluded we can successfully cope with lightning fires.

Fire everywhere in the forests of the United States is the great menace against our future timber supply. Fires annually burn 10,000,000 acres of our forest land. Fires not only destroy immense quantities of timber ready for the saw, but—even worse—

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they destroy the young trees from which the future forests, if there are to be any, must come. Captain Crossman, like most other people, falls into the error of confusing these young trees with worthless underbrush. Twenty years of protection have encouraged billions of young trees to spring up in the National Forests. Shall we burn them now to prevent the danger of their burning in the future, as one might burn down his house to prevent its catching fire? This is the gist of all the arguments in favor of forest fires: Burn down the forest to prevent the forest from burning down.

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE

(An editorial in the "Harvard Crimson")

THE flood of senior contests from Dartmouth, from Yale, from Princeton, which indicate the favorite drink, most popular movie actress, and best-looking men in the respective classes, occupy enough space in the newspapers to show clearly enough what is expected from the colleges. The latest riot at Yale, when fifty policemen charged a dormitory on account of a single bag of water—such as are familiar between Russell and Randolph—is given seven inches in even the "Transcript" and two-inch headlines in the "Globe."

The siege of the McAlpin by Columbia sophomores, the annual mud-rush at Podunk, and the arrest of a college student for parking too near a fire plug stimulate more frenzied press comment and red-typed leads than the forming of the League of Nations Collegiate Council, the publication of the "Gadfly," and an address by President Eliot together. Naturally, the papers print what their readers want, and the public's interest in college activities is still confined to the lurid incidents which popularly constitute "college life."

How then can the student be specifically accused of lacking interest in public affairs? If he does what is expected of him, he will have no time for politics or news, between one sensational enterprise and the next. If he seriously settles down to decide the fate of nations or debate the tariff question, no one ever hears of it. And as for reading the newspapers—if he does he merely learns of his own idiosyncrasies, and if he doesn't, he misses very little. Possibly three or four newspapers repay him for his efforts to find the news with some adequate content. In the rest, he delves between Raymond's advertisements—quite the most amusing feature usually—and Zonite, to discover at last that the Yale sophomores have presented the freshmen with an ancient and doubtless honorable fence.

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Small parties—Best of leaders

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Professor, connected with well-known educational institution, graduate European universities, resided many years in Europe, linguist, would, *accompanied by his wife*, chaperon small party boys or girls, or act social companion for adults, for two-three months travel in France, Switzerland, Tyrol, Italian lakes, etc. Refs. exchanged. 165, Outlook.

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BALTIC (23,884 Tons Reg.)

White Star Line, specially chartered, Feb. 2, 65 days, $600 and up, or 74 days with a week in Paris and 4 days in London, $700 and up; New York, Madeira, Cadiz, Seville (Alhambra), Gibraltar, Algiers, Athens, Constantinople, Palestine, Egypt (Nile journeys), Naples, Rome, Monte Carlo, Cherbourg (for Paris, London), Liverpool, New York.

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by specially chartered new Cunarder "Laconia," 20,000 tons, 4 months, $1,000 and up, shore excursions included. Japan, China, India, Palestine, etc.

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care of Guaranty Trust Company, 1 & 3 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France, will act as chaperon for young girls wishing to study or travel abroad. May be able to visit the United States in advance of engagement. Refs. exchanged.

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ALL of our 1923 Tours are filled
Tell us your travel plans for
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We are planning OUR TOURS to meet YOUR wishes
Worthwhile Tours, *Boston 30, Mass.*

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Central, near Depots, Stores, & Theaters **$2.55**
1000 Rooms fitted H. & C. Water, Bath, & Breakfast

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June 15-Sept. 15. For people of refinement.
A few openings available for new guests.

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Mt. Pisgah French School
Boothbay Harbor, Me. Why not spend your vacation learning French while enjoying *yourself? Loveliest and coolest spot.* Circulars from Prof. Ruérat at above address.

Messalonskee Beach Camps Belgrade, Maine
Home cooking; fine fishing; outdoor sports; white sand bathing beach. Booklet.

Belgrade Lake Camps
Belgrade Lakes, Me.
Individual cabins, modern conveniences, best of home cooking. Black bass, trout, salmon, boating, swimming, canoeing and tramping. Other information and booklet on request.
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F. WARREN BLISS
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MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
The Leslie
A quiet, cosy little house by the sea. Now open. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 19th season.

Hotels and Resorts

MASSACHUSETTS

WESLEY HOUSE
OAK BLUFFS MASS.
Island Martha's Vineyard
30 minutes' sail from Woods Hole. Cool island breezes. Sailing, fishing, tennis, 18-hole golf. Good roads. Warm, safe bathing. Near *variety amusements; dancing, movies.* Write for booklet. AMERICAN PLAN ONLY.

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In Berkshires. Homelike. Comfortable rooms. Excellent table: fresh vegetables, milk, cream, eggs. Write for terms.

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The place you've always wanted to know about, where you could rest and enjoy yourself. Boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, horseback riding, mountain climbing. Nights around the camp fire. Private cabins. Address H. C. BEMIS, South Chatham, N. H.

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NEWLY CONSTRUCTED.
ACCOMMODATING OVER 300.
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Two 18-Hole Golf Courses.
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NEW YORK

Keene Valley Inn, Keene Valley, N. Y. Adirondack Mountains.
Rates $18 to $30 per week. 75 rooms. Fresh vegetables, own garden. Tennis, dancing, golf course 2 miles. W. W. BLOCK, Prop.

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EDGEWOOD at KEENE VALLEY, N. Y.
A comfortable, refined home, good beds, eats, and airy rooms. Rates $18-$21. Mrs. W. H. Otis.

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FENTON HOUSE and COTTAGES Adirondacks
Altitude 1,571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Write for folder and particulars. C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

The Lloyd. On Great South Bay. Exceptional location and house. Cool, comfortable, charming. Sports, sailing, bathing, fishing, golf, tennis, motoring. Address The Lloyd, Bellport, L. I.

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Quiet, refined, homelike. Delightful location. Water sports, tennis, cleanliness, good table, electricity. Under same management as Mt. Pleasant House, Orient.
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9 Mile Lake—600 ft. elevation, 45 miles from New York City
All outdoor sports: Horseback Riding: Tennis: Swimming: Canoeing: Boating: Athletics: Long and short distance hiking trips; Expert leadership: Best equipment.
Junior Camp for girls from 12 to 16, is filling a long-felt need for a high-class camp at a moderate rate, by the week or month—Rates $70 per month: $18 per week.
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Inkowa House for men and women: Rates $25 Single Rooms per week; Double Rooms $40 per week and up.
References Required. Send for booklet
Camp Inkowa or Inkowa House, Greenwood Lake, N. Y.

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Short block from Broadway subway station. Comfortable and homelike in every way. Write for rates and Booklet O.

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Admirably located just off Fifth Avenue in the heart of the shopping and theater district. A quiet, high-class family hotel with comfortably furnished rooms, single or en suite, and the highest grade restaurant service at moderate prices.
Special rates for the summer months.
The management makes every effort to have guests regard this hotel as a real *home* while *in New York.*
The hotel is convenient to subway, elevated, and surface lines going to all parts of the city as well as the Fifth Avenue bus line, *running the whole length of the world's most* famous thoroughfare.
Write for summer rates.
GEORGE A. LEONARD, Manager.

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(Near 5th Avenue)
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Directly in the fashionable club and shopping section. Within five minutes' walk to all *principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized* by those desiring the best accommodations at moderate cost. Special summer rates. Rates and map gladly sent upon request.

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300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and *refinement combined with moderate* rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

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is an attractive hotel offering many rooms with bath; orchestra; dancing afternoon and evening.

Block Island is headquarters of the Atlantic Tuna Club; finest surf bathing on the coast; golf; tennis; motoring; flying; fishing.

For further information write

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When winter comes it's summer time at Punta Gorda, Florida, on the Gulf of Mexico, the Sportsman's winter playground. Stop at Hotel Punta Gorda.

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Several nicely furnished cottages having all modern improvements. On the shore and overlooking the Bay. For the season of 1923. Booklets. Thorndyke Hotel, Jamestown, R. I.

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A Quiet Country Home
In the foothills of the Green Mts.
Address G. W. Powers, Athens, Vt. Via Cambridgeport railroad station, Bellows Falls, Vt.

DANBY, VT. Mountain View Farm. Quiet, restful location for a vacation in the Green Mts. Terms reasonable. Booklet. N. P. Dillingham.

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Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

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Home for Patients. Chronic and acute cases. Terms reasonable. Garden, dairy, artesian water. 30 miles from New York City. Address LYDIA LOUISE COOK, R. N.

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Furnished 4-room bungalow. $50 per month. Address Almira Cleaveland, Lakeville, Conn.

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A Beautiful Country Home
Situated on Monmouth Ridge, in the town of Monmouth, Maine. Large modern house, wide verandas, all hardwood floors, open plumbing, modern bathroom, hot water heat, tapestry brick fireplace, cement cellar.
Pure spring water, gas for cooking, slate set tubs in kitchen. 10 acres of land, garage for 5 cars, large henhouse. This is a beautiful house with a grand view of lakes and mountains, situated 700 feet above sea level, 2½ miles by M. C. R. R. to Monmouth Center, 2 miles to trolley at Day's Corner, good roads.
This set of buildings cost $12,000 to build, and will be sold for $4,500.
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So. Monmouth, Maine

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NEW YORK

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ADIRONDACKS Keene Valley
Furnished Cottage For Rent, delightfully situated. For particulars address R. Figuet, Keene Valley, N. Y.

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NEW YORK

TO CLOSE AN ESTATE
For Sale, "The Knoll"
the home of the late
Dr. Lyman Abbott at
CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.
The house contains twelve rooms, three baths, lavatory, electric light, and steam heat. There are on the property also a cottage, with bath and electricity, and a garage and cow barn. About two and a half acres of land afford ample room for garden. Many shade and fruit trees. Views of mountains and river. Address
H. W. CHADEAYNE
44 Smith Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

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Also Camp Sites For Sale.
W. H. Otis, Keene Valley, N.Y. Phone 14F14.

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"Strong Heart" Police Dogs

"Character plus Appearance" You can pay more but you *can't* get a better dog.
SUN BEAM FARM STRONG HEART KENNELS
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UNUSUALLY GOOD FISHING, modern conveniences, in quaint, artistic home for sale on Lake Androscoggin, Maine. Big electric-lighted barn for boys' or girls' camp. Owners, 3,963, Outlook.

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WANTED—Superintendent for community house under direction of a strong Presbyterian church in Philadelphia. Fine opportunity for Christian Americanization work among people largely foreign born. Work already well established. Please state experience and give references. 3,962, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Young woman with real love for children as nurse or governess to one girl in Christian family. Winter home Brooklyn, summer Long Island. Address B., Room 700, 90 Wall St., New York.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

COLLEGE woman, master's degree, widely traveled, executive ability and experience, good personality, desires position as confidential secretary or secretary-companion. References exchanged. 3,947, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, experienced business woman, as bookkeeper in hospital or sanitarium or manager of office and bookkeeping in hotel for summer or season. 3,949, Outlook.

SITUATIONS by two women as manager and assistant of club house, or in refined family. Best of references. 3,953, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

CULTURED young woman as companion or social secretary. Well educated. References. Address 3,938, Outlook.

WOMAN, college and musical education, desires to read to intellectual person. Would also perform secretarial duties. 3,943, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

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POSITION as superintendent, matron, housekeeper, companion-attendant, or hostess. Good reader. Same position nine years. Minister's widow. Superior references. 3,941, Outlook.

LADY wishes position to manage home with servants. Can play piano and drive a car. 3,951, Outlook.

NEW England woman desires position as housekeeper—gentleman preferred—where there is at least one maid. 3,957, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman, social experience, literary taste, wishes congenial employment in dry, equable climate. 3,956, Outlook.

REFINED couple—lady and nineteen year old son—wish to take care of home for family who are away for summer. Remuneration secondary. 3,958, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman, social service experience, literary taste, wishes congenial employment in dry, equable climate. 3,956, Outlook.

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TEACHER, pupil of famous European and American masters in piano and voice cultivation, will continue instruction during summer. 3,942, Outlook.

HARVARD gradnate, experienced tutor, will take pupil. 3,948, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as tutor by normal graduate, beginning September. Teaching experience. References exchanged. 3,950, Outlook.

TEACHER of music, mathematics, Latin, other high school subjects, best references, training Bryn Mawr College, desires winter position, at home in New York City. 3,952, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate as summer tutor for young boy. References. Previous experience. 3,955, Outlook.

PRIMARY teacher of Middle West, experienced, desires position as governess or companion for summer or longer. Refined home more important than high salary. Congenial, adaptable, good reader. 3,954, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman, tutor, would accompany or remain with girl going West. 7347 Champlain Ave., Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

HOME school for children summer months. Berkshire foothills. Music, art, dancing, outdoor activity, tutoring. 3,309, Outlook.

WANTED—Young women to take 9 months' course in training for the care of chronic and convalescent invalids. Apply Superintendent, F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

NORMAL school professor with 16 years' experience will take into his home two boys for coaching in science or mathematics. Fishing and boating near-by. Wm. G. Fuller, New Paltz, N. Y.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Miss Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

WANTED, second-hand set Junior Classics. Oscar Hamilton, Stockwell, Ind.

HOME for little girl. I have brought up three adopted daughters to fine young womanhood at my own expense. Circumstances making it necessary for me to earn money, I want a little girl who will respond to ideal home conditions and educational advantages, to care for in my pleasant cottage on Lake Chautauqua. 3,946, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

SUMMER HOME with supervision, Hewlett School for girls, Hewlett, Long Island, twenty miles from New York.

VERMONT SCENES: An Alluring Trout Stream; Ascutney Through the Pines; Rapid Rushing Brook; Camp on the Connecticut; Pond in Windsor; White Birches. These six photographs, clearly printed, each attractively mounted, sent postpaid for one dollar. Donald White, Springfield, Vt.

Your Wants

in every line of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the classified columns of The Outlook. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address Department of Classified Advertising, The Outlook, 381 Fourth Ave., New York.

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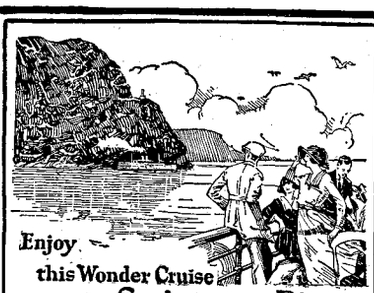

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"Niagara to the Sea"

A journey down the mighty St. Lawrence is like a trip to yesterday. Every hour of this inland water journey has its revelation of grandeur and historic interest. Niagara, the sublime; the Thousand Islands; the marvelous rapids; then Montreal, Quebec and the glorious Saguenay with its stupendous Capes, "Trinity" and "Eternity", higher than Gibraltar.

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Horsford's quenches thirst quicker because of its agreeable acidity—its PHOSPHATES supply vital tonic properties especially needed in summer.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

supplies the nutriment the system *must* have.

A teaspoonful makes the summer drink of fruit juices—or plain water—more cooling, delicious, wholesome. At druggists.

Write for SPECIAL BOOKLET of valuable information about PHOSPHATES—with recipes for delicious beverages, ices, punches, etc. Sent free. Address

RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS
PROVIDENCE, R. I. N-49

BY THE WAY

"THE old-time navigator set great store by his chronometer, for upon its absolute accuracy depended his peace of mind and the safety of his vessel. At every opportunity he lugged his precious timepiece ashore to an expert, to have it adjusted, set, and rated. But times have changed. A chronometer expert recently told me," says a contributor to "Yachting," "that his business had been literally 'shot to pieces' in the last few years. No, not because of the decline of our merchant marine, but because of—*Radio*. . . . Every day he now checks his timepiece; no more anxiety, no more uncertainty, no more trips to the expert jeweler."

Not every old-time navigator, it will be recalled in connection with the above paragraph, depended on a chronometer for making his calculations at sea. At least one hardy voyager circumnavigated the globe with only a little tin clock for a timepiece, and that frequently went out of commission. This was Captain Joshua Slocum, who in a recent newspaper article was called "the daddy of all the small-boat sailors." In 1895–8 he went around the world in the yacht Spray, and later told the story of his trip in that fascinating volume "Sailing Alone Around the World," which every sea-loving boy should read.

From the Madrid "Buen Humor:" She—"Who told you I was twenty-five?" He—"Your mother." She—"As if she knew anything about it!"

A leading article in the London "Times" recently criticised the use of italic type as an aid to emphasis. A contributor to "Punch" takes up the cudgels in its defense, and scores his heaviest blow with this happy quotation from Dean Swift:

To Statesmen would you give a Wipe,
You print it in *Italic Type*.
When Letters are of vulgar Shapes
'Tis ten to one the Wit escapes.

Odd names appear occasionally in American newspapers, as for instance one in an obituary notice in recent New York City dailies, in which the name Gard'ner is printed thus, with an apostrophe; but this is outclassed by the following, brought to light by an accidental turning of the leaves of the English "Who's Who:" Sir Rustomjee Cowasjee Cursetjee Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, of Mazagon Castle, Bombay; and General Roger Pine-Coffin, of Berkhamsted, Herts.

Apropos of the Max Beerbohm exhibition of caricatures, a correspondent of the London "Spectator" says: "It would be an insult to suppose that the English Royal Family are so little men-of-the-world that they would not bear criticism with good humor." Nevertheless it is reported that the pictures in question were withdrawn from the exhibition. The "Spectator's" correspondent says that the humorous intent of most of the pictures is unmistakable. He cites as an instance "The Communist Sunday School," in which "a willowy, effeminate young man with a mop of red hair teaches five or six goggle-eyed infants that 'they must not shrink from shedding blood in order to achieve starvation.'"

A heartfelt tribute to James Fenimore Cooper appears in the correspondence column of a New York daily. The writer says that he came to this country at a mature age and was only recently induced to read Cooper's "Deerslayer." He continues:

> I spent the most enjoyable time of my life reading this wonderful classic. His (Cooper's) style of writing is really marvelous, with a melody in the words like the best of music. As for adventure and thrilling moments, not even the biggest movie thriller can compare with "The Deerslayer." The greatest benefit, however, from "The Deerslayer" is its Americanization influence. To a foreigner like myself the hardships and tribulations of the rugged pioneers depicted in this book inspire a feeling of respect and love for this wonderful country and its institutions.

Emotion is a strong stimulus to poetry. It has caused Mr. John McF. Howie, President of the Hotel Touraine in Buffalo, to burst into a song entitled "It's Just a Souvenir." The song has a very Wordsworthian explanatory note at its head:

> (Written after losing among other things twenty-five per cent of our Thermos Bottles one year after they were installed into service.)

The boniface is quite the biggest
sucker that I know,
He keeps his stock of "upkeep" up,
it's always thus and so.
But when he finds his stocks run
down to zero very near,
He sighs and sighs and then he cries,
"It's just a souvenir."

The bride who enters a hotel has long
made up her mind
There's nothing half so funny as to
swipe "three of a kind."
So when she's ready to depart, it
seems to her quite clear
That all the junk that's in her trunk
"Is just a souvenir."

. . . . . .

And so it goes, God only knows where
all our stuff has gone,
But rest assured we'll be abjured, the
sun has never shone
Upon a pack of crooks like us, whose
end they hope is near.
So help yourself to all our pelf, "It's
just a souvenir."

This may not be great poetry, but it's painfully true.

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